The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

Mr. Oliver is still very much in the limelight. At the close of last week the Toronto Telegram announced that serious charges had been made against a minister of the Crown whom it did not name. The next day the Toronto World stated that the man against whom they were directed was the Minister of the Interior and that his accuser was Daniel McGillicuddy, former publisher of the Calgary News. The information as to the nature of the charges was at first of a very shadowy character, but it has been growing in definiteness each day. They have to do it seems, with an order-in-council making an exchange of C. P. R. lands and the bank account of the minister is said to figure very prominently in the evidence available.

The newspaper defenders of the ministers have used a great deal of strong language over the episode and it is described as a nefarious blackmailing plot to drive him out of public life. They talk of the piratical, burglarious methods that have been resorted to and the low level to which they bring politics. It would have been wiser for them to have been a trifle milder in their denunciation at the present stage. If there is nothing whatever in the charges they are bound to leave Mr. Oliver much stronger than he was in the popular estimation. All that there is to do is to allow the fullest investigation, to bring down the bank account which is said to incriminate him and to challenge his detractors to do their worst. The premier has announced that a committee of the House will be appointed to go into the matter and at least till it gets to work, discussion is hardly worth while. The newspapers in question make the mistake of thinking that questions of party regularity are of any concern to the general public. It is not interested in the procedure that those who accuse public men adopt to make out a case against them. All that it insists upon is, when accusations are made affecting the reputation of those to whom it has entrusted large responsibilities, that they should lose no time in doing what they can to show that their skirts are clean.

The city council in deference to Mr. Bouillon's criticism of the gas agreement, has decided to hold it over till the objections are looked into. Why was he not consulted in the first place and the whole matter threshed out weeks ago? The course which has been pursued is far from business-like. In its general terms the bargain is a good one and appeals to the mass of citizens. If the municipality is not sufficiently protected in the details of the agreement, that is up to the men to whom the consideration of these is delegated. It is for them to get the best of advice, certainly to avail themselves of the services of the expert adviser who is employed at a salary of $10,000 a year, and take the responsibility of assuring us that we are not being tied up to terms, which will be a source of future difficulty.

The changes which the C. P. R. will agree to in connection with its entrance arrangements are slight and will not obviate to any great extent the difficulties that were pointed out in Mr. Bouillon's report of some weeks ago. This is very much to be regretted and quite bears out those who contended that in making the agreement with the company, the city went at it blindly. Either it should have had the advantage of a man of Mr. Bouillon's qualifications to guard it against such trouble, as is now apparent we are in for, or have left the whole question to the railway commission, whose duty it is to see that the public interests are fully protected. However, it should not be an absolute impossibility to avoid the spoiling of the various avenues. It may require new concessions to the railway to induce it to alter its plans, but it is better to make these than to lay ourselves open to the serious consequences that will otherwise ensue in the not very distant future.

Mr. Fraser Tims' suggestion that zoological gardens be established in the east end park is one that should be acted upon. There is nothing which better serves to attract people to a recreation ground and which affords more genuine pleasure to old and young alike. The people would soon pay for the outlay in additional street car fares.

Senator Roy's appointment as Canadian High Commissioner to France is confirmed. His qualifications are many and he should be able to give the country genuine service. The rumor is abroad that Mr. Forget, late lieutenant-governor of Saskatchewan will succeed him in the Senate. Why he should is difficult to see. A man representative of Alberta is required and one who comes from the same province as Senator Roy.

Mr. Borden and his parliamentary colleagues have decided to carry on the fight against the reciprocity proposals to a finish. This is disappointing from a general public standpoint and is the worst kind of politics. When the movement against the Conservative leader developed some weeks ago and was frustrated, sufficient light was thrown upon the inside workings of the Conservative party to warrant one in assuming that the campaign on the reciprocity issue was carried on largely over Mr. Borden's head and that, having won out against those who were trying to force his hand, he would see that it followed more rational lines.

The present situation does not show that this belief was warranted. The upshot of the course now being pursued means an early appeal to the country. It is clear from reading the government papers what will be done. A special session will be called as soon as possible after the census is completed and a redistribution bill rushed through, a general election following towards the close of the year. With the reciprocity issue to the fore, despite all the weaknesses which it has developed, the administration will go back with a much larger majority.

The time had come for its relegation to the shades of the past. But its opponents seem determined to do all in their power to keep it in office. No politician was ever luckier than Sir Wilfrid and the present turn of events marks the very height of his good fortune.

With his party in a bad way from internal dissensions in practically every province, with as weak a collection of men about him as has been gathered together in one Cabinet in Canadian history, with evidence cropping up every month or so that corruption has secured a firm hold at Ottawa, as it was bound to in fifteen years of continuous power, the Opposition have so fixed things that all these considerations will be forgotten and public attention will be centred on detail of policy, in which the government has pursued the only reasonable course.

As if the reciprocity issue itself were not sufficient, the Conservatives now propose to hold up the bill long enough to keep Sir Wilfrid away from the Coronation conference. There is good reason for believing that he is not keen about going over and would welcome a good excuse. But why should his opponents present him with this? It is evident that the bill will go through eventually. It has been already discussed ad nauseam. What earthly object is there in keeping up the gabfest?

That Sir Wilfrid should be at the conference is certain. It marks an important step in the development of the imperial connection and the absence of the head of the government of the premier colony would render its proceedings largely abortive. This being the case, he should go irrespective of the situation at Ottawa. His lieutenants should be able to keep the lid on. But if he does not really want to go, the Opposition is certainly very kind in affording him a fairly reasonable explanation for his absence, one which he will be able to use effectively when the time comes for an appeal to the people.

It is astonishing to what folly the anti-government campaign in Eastern Canada is stooping. Take the following letter which Dr. Chisholm, the Conservative member for East Huron, read in the House of Commons the other day, as an argument against the bill:—

Wingham, March, 1911.

Dear Mr. Chisholm,—I thought I would drop you a few lines to warn you about reciprocity. Tell the government to be very careful when dealing with the Yankees. I got bitten with one of those gentlemen myself once. I had an old mare that had been a faithful servant to me for thirty years and I was at work ploughing near the highway one day with her when one of those chaps came along and asked me how I would like to trade that old mare for his brown colt. After driving a hard bargain for a while I gave him ten dollars and the old mare for the brown colt. He was scarcely out of sight when I discovered that the brown colt was two years older than my old mare, also she was heavy and balky, and I only had her about three days when she kicked the brains out of my good collie dog, that was worth more than both the horses. Everybody was laughing at me, so I just knocked the brown colt on the head and drew the colt and dog out on the field so that I could bury them both in the one grave. The very day next day the Yankee came along when I was in the field and sold my wife three dollars worth of Bologna sausage, and he never told her they were made out of my old mare. When he was leaving his eyes fell on the brown colt and the dog lying out in the field, and he asked my old woman if he might take them home with him in his light wagon, and she said he could. I was told afterwards that he made a lot of sausage out of them, too, and sold their hides for three dollars and a half. I got nothing except three dollars worth of sausage, and I buried that and erected a slab with an inscription on it to the memory of my old mare. Tell the government to be very careful how they deal with these people, for they always make sure to get the best of the bargain.

J. H. STEPHENSON,
Wingham, Ont.

The bogus speech, attributed to Champ Clark, which has been circulated through Ontario has acted as a boomerang of the worst character.

Or take such a speech as that delivered by Dr. Steele, the Conservative candidate in South Perth, recently. He told a meeting that he would favor replacing the "Made in Canada" slogan by "Made in Canada by Canadians for Canadians." This means, of course, that we are not only not to buy anything outside the country but that we are not to sell anything either. What a beautiful country it would be to live in under these conditions. Imagine going before the people with ideas such as these. But they are a logical development of the articles of the Montreal Star and Professor Peacock.

Or take the speech, which Mr. W. M. Aitken, the recently elected Canadian member for Ashton-Under-Lyne in the British parliament, gave during a recent visit to eastern Canada.

"Reciprocity might be beneficial from a commercial standpoint, but it is a bribe, and as a bribe, it must be of some great benefit to the country which offers it. I am confident that any man who has lived in Great Britain and now has a vote in this country, will so use his vote that we will not be bought by the dirty American dollar."

How many electors would spurn the American

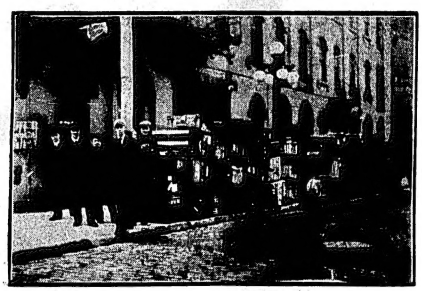
(Continued on page twelve)

Next Week's Musical Invasion

Scenes during the visit to Toronto of the Sheffield Choir which sings in Edmonton on Tuesday and Wednesday.

A photo taken outside the city hall.

Leaving the civic reception



Some of the Choir's luggage

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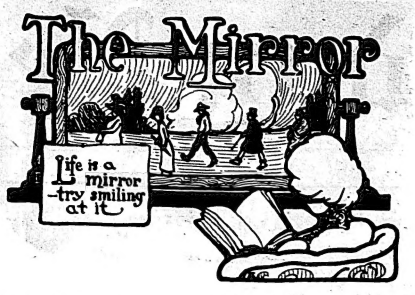
The Mirror



The big Competition is over at last.

With the dropping of the curtain on the Margaret Eaton School representatives stepping a quaint old Minuet, the last Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Competition passed away into history. What a week it has been! What a six days crowded with high hopes,, fears, misgivings, a litlie more confidence, and that same thing all over again.

Surprising as it may seem to you at home who were far from hopeful of us, the little Edmonton Company all through have had at least a fighting interest in the much coveted trophy. In Winnipeg, people have gone even far enough to say, "its between you and So and So," so that you can see that we of the company have had a tremendous interest in the event, right up to the dropping of the last curtain.

The great surprise to us all was, that from his Excellency to the bulk of the audience, people seemed genuinely interested in us, and very much taken with the play. After its almost frigid reception at home, I may say that at least some of us arrived in Winnipeg to take part, without hope, and with our hearts in our boots.

The week opened with the Chimes of Normandy by the Winnipeg Operatic Society, and "David Garrick," presented by the Ottawa Dramatic Club. It was a great start.

The competition took place in the beautiful Walker Theatre, splendidly and most artistically decorated for the event, with soft drapings of the National colors, flags and bunting. Their Excellencies' box was arranged in the centre floor at the front of the house, and every night a brilliant party occupied the loge, the ladies exquisitely frocked, and invariably laden with the loveliest of boquets. I think I may speak for all the companies when I say that the appreciation and deep interest manifested by the Vice Regal party, from first to last, was one of the big inspirations of the week, to take heart and put their best foot foremost. One seemed to feel that His Excellency expected us, as Canadians to be able to produce something worth while, along both Musical and Dramatic lines. And anyone who realizes the charm and fascination of His Majesty's representative in Canada, and his deep and abiding interest in things Canadian, will grasp that each individual taking part was anxious not to see him disappointed.

Before going into the various performances I must pause to exclaim at the perfection of the arrangements, made by the various committees. In a week, crowded to a minute with arrivals and departures, thousands of details to be attended to, appointments without number, and the invariable multitude of shiftings and things only thought of at the last moment, there was never one hitch. Never a kick or a protest. Every wish seemed to have been anticipated, every possible request provided for. It was amazing. Even the property man, behind the scenes, was a genius, and our little company when they look back on this most happy week, will pause to remember two wonders of stage hands, who always seemed on the spot if there was a button to be fastened, a stage prop missing, and whose words of encouragement sent them on the boards with a smiling face to meet the ordeal of a new act.

And what shall one say of that most indefatigable and wonderful secretary, Mr. Beaufort? If I tell you that he was always available, always smiling, serene, ready to help with advice or go to any amount of trouble, that tells you nothing. Mr. Beaufort is just Mr. Beaufort, and those who have the pleasure and honor of knowing him, will sum it all up for you by saying—"You know Beaufort's such a gentleman." He is —and a Prince in the bargain.

Mr. Hay Stead's and Mr. Nares' names crowd fast behind the Secretary's. Mr. Stead had charge of the advertising, the publicity, and the theatre end of the arrangements. Being a journalist, and a clever one at that, I needn't tell you that he saw that the event was well advertised, that he got the people there, and that as a result he had many shekels to count at the end of each evening's performance. His personal kindness to us all is a delightful memory and I only need add that he is editor and proprietor of The Saturday Post.

Mr. Nares handled the stage business, and did it to the King's taste. No chicken was a-missing, no paper wanting when it was needed, and that is saying something when you bear in mind how many companies and performances, amateurs at that, were crowded into the six days.

These three were the wheels that went round in sight of you. But other interesting and effective parts of the executive machinery, were hidden away from view. Of these I may name Mr. Chipman, kindest of chairmen of a Reception Committee. Mr. J. A. M. Aitkins, Chairman of the Local Executive and a tremendous factor in helping things along, Dean Coombs, and Mr. F. W. Drewry.

Winnipeg, as always, has done herself proud. Again have the words hospitality and spontaneous and generous kindliness been coupled with the name of the West. They stand today for one and the same thing. Good for wonderful, wonderful Winnipeg! Three cheers for both her and the West.

In all of Canada you could have found no more brilliant audiences than assembled night after night to see the Amateurs go through their paces. The boxes glittered with jewel-laden wo-

(Continued on page eight

THREE STRIKING HAREM SKIRTS

These models of the harem skirt are for indoor wear, and show clearly the Oriental origin of the fashion. They are designs by Paul Poiret, who has been the chief influence in introducing the style.

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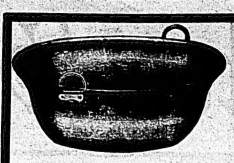
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Read the 'News'

British Columbia is certainly a wonderful province. The sidelines that are open to the enterprising man are surprising. Take this item from the Hope News of recent date:

"Barber Furlott a short time ago discovered a new kind of gold mine. He was engaged in shampooing Ed. Stuart, who has just come in from the mines, when he washed $2.50 worth of gold out of the hair he was operating on. He says the barber business pays well in Hope."

Why shouldn't some enterprising Edmonton barber advertise special rates for those who bathe in the Saskatchewan?

We are accustomed to the boasts of our neighbors to the west. A Calgary man was quite equal to one of them, however, according to a story told by Mr. Wilfrid Gariepy at the St. George's Day dinner. He was out at the coast when a booster started in to describe all that the province had to offer.

"Why", he said, "a man caught a hundred pound fish in the river here the other day."

"You don't mean to tell me," declared the visitor, "well God certainly does know where to place the brain food."

When you come down to it, what is it makes a man laugh? The story is well known of the crowd that howled with amusement when Artemus Ward's manager came out to announce that Mr. Ward was sick and wouldn't be able to lecture. They thought it was Ward and that he was getting something smart off on them. An old circus clown declared recently that he got one real laugh all the time he was in the business, and that was when an elephant stepped on his foot and smashed it flat. He let out a yell that made the tent flap, and the audience roared. And when the attendants carried him out, groaning and biting his fingers, the crowd laughed itself sick. They thought it was an A1 clown act.

"There was another clown," he declared, "who was handed a telegram just as he was entering the arena. While strutting along, bowing and scraping and doing his regular layout of fool stunts, he tore open his telegram and started to read it, just as though it were a part of his "business." This is what he read:

"Father dying. Come at once."

"He was just like a crazy man. He seemed to forget where he was. There were performing elephants and trick and running horses in the arena, and that poor fellow, instead of dodging around, as the clowns have to do, got in the way of every one and every thing. Elephant men would shove him from beneath the feet of their animals, horsemen would swerve off to one side, just in the nick of time. He was pushed and shoved about until finally the word got around that something was wrong and he was led out of the arena. But what a hit he made with the audience; they thought he was just one of those fool clowns who are always in the road.

It isn't always the truth that people object to when they read something about themselves in a newspaper. It isn't what is said but the way it is said that makes them sometimes tear their hair. G. K. Chesterton in the London Illustrated News tells of an incident to illustrate this:

"A great many years ago," he writes, "I remember being interviewed by a very attractive American. With the loyal simplicity of his people, he sent me the exact text of my remarks before he published them, and asked me to correct them. It was like asking me to correct a translation of my complete works into Chinese. He had apparently reported my opinions quite fully, but he had made me talk in a particular manner, for which my family would have locked me up. Suppose I said for instance, "The greatest artist, in the strictest sense of art, that America ever produced was Nathaniel Hawthorne," it came out in the American interview something like this: "In clean, sweet, bright-eyed, man-elevating art, Hawthorne is your smartest man." Suppose I said, "The most sincere and original force in American literature was Walt Whitman,' it came out in the American paper in this sort of way, 'See here, Walt Whitman was your real red-blooded MAN and don't you forget it."

How delightful it must have been to entertain Herbert Spencer. Here is a conversation which Mr. G. W. E. Russell says he heard at a dinner, at which the philosopher was one of the guests. Said the hostess:

"I shall always believe that flowers have consciousness."

"If you are determined," replied Mr. Spencer, "to adhere to the proposition that it is possible to dissociate the existence of consciousness from the physiological process of nervous organization, I must differ from you altogether."

What was there to do under the circumstances but to ask him if he would have another piece of cake?

Being requested by the disconsolate widow of one of his late-fellow-townsmen to place on the slab of her dear departed the words, "My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to space the sentence so that room was left for an addition.

A few months later she called to inquire how much it would cost to efface the inscription and substitute another.

"No need of that, marm," he answered, he answered soothingly, "you see, there's jes' room to add 'alone.'"

This conversation is vouched for:

"How old are you?"

"I am 12."

"A girl of 12 should tell her mother everything."

"But my mother is so innocent. Really, I haven't the heart."

Lord Mount Auburn—Are millionaires common in the States

Mr. Beacon Hill—Yes—most of them.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increases of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes and he replied in a voice that made the gas-jets quiver:

"Advertise for it, you ignoramus."

The audience cheered and yelled and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.—'Tit Bits.'

The use of metaphors by one not to the manner born is always risky. For instance, there was an earnest gentleman who arose and said: "I smell a rat; I shall nip him in the bud. Punch has heard of a finer example: "We hope Mr. Atkinson will keep his word, and with the ability he has always shown, tear to shreds and tatters the subterranean methods of the clique which at present rides the high horse."

We read in the despatches a few weeks ago that Sir Almroth Wright, M. D., had made the observation that frequent washing was a mistake from a hygienic point of view. Truth publishes this particular contribution to the subject:

Dear "Troof,"
Since larst I wrote to you
Concernin' standard bread,
I've bin wot toffs call gratified
By somethink I 'ave read,
W'ich is, that washin' ain't no good
If you would 'eathly be,
To w'ich I simply ses "Ear, 'ear!
Jest 'ave a look at me!"

W'en larst yore 'umble 'ad a wash—
I ain't a-goin' to tell to tell;
But I remembers, to this day,
It made me fur from well.
Since then, of water I've bin shy,
In fack, I've got a dread
Of any licker, 'ceptin' beer,
Yores trooly,
FRAZZLED FRED.

SCOTSMEN AND JOKES

The reply received from Punch to Mr. Gilbert Little's question, "What is a Scotsman?" to the effect that he is "A man who has the supreme gift to laugh at himself," is calculated to upset some preconceived notions of the Scot, and challenges familiar dicta as to his inability to appreciate humor. Punch's experience goes to support the daring allegation, for (so the editor informed Mr. Little lately) 75 per cent. of the jokes appearing in his columns contributed by those not on the permanent staff come from Scotsmen—including jokes which tell against the Scot. All the same, it is not every Scot who appreciates humor directed against supposed idiosyncrasies of his nation. Only the other day a scathing letter appeared in the Edinburgh Evening News from a correspondent protesting against a reading from "The Man of the World," given at a entertainment in one of the large halls of the city. The character of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant was hotly denounced as "a deadly insult to the people of Scotland." And there are patriotic Scots to whom Harry Lauder's delineations are unpardonable offences.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

The old question of the double standard of morality is again obtaining considerable newspaper currency.

The front page writer in the Saskatoon Saturday Press touches it deftly. His queries are very much to the point and should set women thinking. The Press puts it thus:

Who holds this double standard of morality, anyway? Who is it that "condones in men what they condemn in women?" Who is it that "receives into the open arms of society the man, while they despise, pass by, and condemn the woman who is no worse?" Is it men or women who show this unfair and un Christian attitude? By whom are men who would be black-balled in any ordinary men's club and are given the cold shoulder in ordinary men's society knowingly received into the parlor and ballroom and even frequently (I almost said usually) accorded the position of favorites? Who is it shows at least some compassion for the woman in distress and who refuses even the common opportunity to earn bread to such because of the stain that report has attached? Who writes the novels the censors stroke from public lists? Now who? I am sick of this "double standard" gibe at me; give me the information herewith requested and let us reason together over it.

Young Goldbags (who, determined not to be lured into a proposal, is explaining the disadvantages of being rich): Now, look at the wealthy man. Take me for instance.
She (snapping her chance): Oh, Arthur, this is so sudden!

HE HAD RED HAIR

When Victor Murdock, the Kansas insurgent leader, went to Congress, one of the patriarchs of the House took a kindly interest in the youthful new member and helped him over some rough places. One day the veteran, who was a scholarly man, was catechizing Murdock on his reading.

"Have you read Carlyle's 'French Revolution'?" the elder man asked; and he was somewhat surprised to receive a negative reply. His astonishment increased as he ran over a list of standard works and successively received the same kind of an answer. Finally he asked: "Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hair," Murdock responded eagerly.

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT
(a la Quina du Perou)

arouses the stomach to action, promotes the flow of gastric juice and gives tone to the whole system.

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CLEAN UP

Friday and Saturday, May 5th and 6th have been set apart as days when citizens are requested to clean up the premises they own or occupy by removing or destroying rubbish, paper, and all unsightly material, from lawns, backyards and vacant lots.

The advantage to the City should be apparent to all and it is hoped that the proposal will have the hearty support of all good citizens. The Health Officer is publishing a letter of instructions to the citizens.

G. S. ARMSTRONG,
Mayor.

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TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary and endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," will be received at the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, up to noon of Monday, the 15th day of May, 1911, for the supply and delivery at the Hospital for the Insane, Ponoka, for the balance of the year 1911, for the articles in the classes following, that is to say:

1. Groceries.
2. Meats of various kinds
3. Butter and eggs.
4. Flour and oatmeal.
5. Potatoes.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for five per cent. of the amount of the tender made payable to the order of the Provincial Secretary, which will be forfeited to the Government of Alberta in case the successful tenderer refuses or neglects to enter into contract, or when entered into fails to carry out the provisions thereof.

Specifications may be seen, approximate quantities given, and form of tender supplied upon application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Edmonton.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without written authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

E. THOMPSON,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.
Edmonton, April 29th, 1911.

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Home and Society

Mrs. Howard Douglas entertained at bridge last Wednesday evening for Mrs. Oliver, four tables being in play. Those present were, Mrs. Oliver, Chief Justice Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Madame Thibaudeau, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Hislop; Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Jennings and Mr. Charlesworth.

The first prize was won by Mrs. Swaisland, a handsome coronation spoon. Mrs. Oliver was second, a dear little Dresden china dish. Chief Justice Harvey won the gentleman's first prize, a book, and Mr. Dickins second, a leather bound bridge score.

A most delectable supper was served and after admiring all the splendid animal heads Mr. Douglas has collected, the guests reluctantly said good-night. The hostess wore a handsome black satin with real lace berthe.

Mrs. Ewing's two tables of bridge last Saturday evening in Mrs. Oliver's honor was a very merry one. Just Mrs. Oliver's oldest friends and after a keen contest it was found that Mrs. Campbell had won the pretty prize, a brass candlestick. The guests lingered long over the dainty supper which was served afterwards.

Mrs. Hislop entertained at a luncheon last Thursday for Mrs. Oliver.

Mrs. J. O'Neil Hayes gave a drawing room tea for her sister-in-law Mrs. Jack Hayes, last Thursday.

Mrs. Joe Morris gave a very jolly ladies' bridge of five tables for Mrs. Oliver last Thursday evening. The guests were, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Laul, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Dr. Harrison, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Mrs. Roy Douglas, Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Dickins, Madame Thibaudeau, Mrs. Garnet Morris, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Ferris. There was a prize for each table, a beautifully leather bound book for the lucky winners, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Roy Douglas, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Dr. Harrison and Mrs. Garnet Morris.

The hostess looked very attractive in black satin, jet trimmings and coral ornaments. A delicious supper was served, followed by some delightful music by Mr. Barford.

Mrs. Lane was a tea hostess last Wednesday in Mrs. Oliver's honor. Such a big tea it was and so jolly, if one can judge by the perfect babel of talk and much laughter. The hostess received at the entrance to the large and handsome living room, wearing a sweet gown of rose pink satin, the overskirt edged with heavy silk fringe and the bodice trimmed with beautiful venetian lace. Mrs. Oliver received with Mrs. Lane, wearing a very smart black broadcloth suit, black charlotte corday hat, trimmed with two long willow plumes. The dining room looked very inviting with its softly shaded lights in red and the table centred by a huge bowl of exquisite red tulips, on a lace centre piece.

Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Dickins poured tea and coffee, Mrs. Fraser cut the ices and Miss Scott, Miss Johnson, Miss Campbell, Miss Ferris and Miss Harbottle assisted.

Mrs. Chas. Fox of Vancouver arrived on Saturday and is Mrs. Ambrose Dickins' guest.

Mrs. Bower Campbell gave a very enjoyable bridge of three tables for Mrs. Oliver last Friday afternoon, a number coming in to tea after the game. The prize winners at each table were Mrs. Ferris, handsome brass vase, Mrs. Pardee, beautiful cup and saucer, and Mrs. Thibaudeau sweet little picture. The players were Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Anderson, Madame Martin, Mrs. Dr. Harrison Mrs. Howard Douglas, Madame Thibaudeau and Mrs. Dickins.

The table was decorated with quantities of lovely pink and white tulips. Mrs. Turnbull poured tea and Mrs. Scott served the ices. Miss Marjorie Beck, Miss Dorothy Gifford and Miss Norah Campbell assisted.

Mrs. Alan Fraser entertained in Mrs. Oliver's honor last Saturday afternoon at a bridge tea, five tables being at play. The players were Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Beck, Madame Martin, Mrs. Harry Cooper, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Ewing, Miss Holland. The hostess received her guests in a sweet frock of blue messaline, with dotted border and lace yoke and undersleeves. Mrs. Campbell was the lucky prize winner, a dainty wedgwood cup and saucer. The table was beautifully decorated in pink carnations, a large cut glass vase holding these fragrant flowers, resting on a handsome lace centre piece. Mrs. Campbell poured tea and Mrs. Turnbull cut the ices.

Mrs. Fraser entertained again in the evening at a ladies and gentlemen's bridge of four tables. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Cautley, Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Chas. Fox (Vancouver), Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Scott, Madame Thibaudeau and Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge. Mrs. Fraser wore a stunning gown of black satin drapep with ninon de soie, with handsome jet ornaments. Mrs. Dickins won the ladies' prize, a dear little cup and saucer and Mr. Dickins the Gentlemen's prize, a Japanese silver match box.

The guests certainly did justice to the very good supper served.

Mrs. Wallbridge was a bridge tea hostess on Monday afternoon in Mrs. Oliver's honor. Five tables of bridge and hosts of people coming in to tea. The players were Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Harry Cooper, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs Ewing, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Dr. Harrison, Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Miss Holland, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swaisland, Madame Martin and Mrs. Frith. A dainty box of note paper was the prize for each table, the winners being Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Swaisland and Miss Holland. The hostess wore a sweet embroidered lingerie gown. Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Ferris presided at the tea table which was decorated with quantities of exquisite red and yellow tulips. Little Helen Wells, so dainty in her white frock and pink sash, opened the door, and Miss Adele Blain, lovely in a white frock, with blue sash and big blue bows in her hair, assisted in the dining room.

Mrs. Turnbull gave a bridge for Mrs. Oliver last Friday evening, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Howard Douglas won the pretty prizes. Music followed after a delicious supper and it was a very late hour before the guests said good night.

Major and Mrs. Lazier of Vancouver. B. C., are staying at the Alberta Hotel. I understand they will spend the summer here. Major Lazier is here for the purpose of starting a big insurance company.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

PARIS, BERLIN, LONDON

(From the London Daily Mail)

The London correspondent of the Tägliche Rundschau has thrown down the gauntlet in his comments on our Berlin correspondent's recent discovery of "Gay Berlin." Herr Luneberg speaks of the dreariness of "night life" in London, and describes our pleasures as dear, narrow, and Philistine. Our restaurants and cafes are denounced because they close their doors half an hour after midnight, our railways and omnibuses because they cease to run after one o'clock, and our streets because they do not echo with the sound of the revelers who "won't go home till the morning."

There is truth in this indictment of our German critic. But to say that London does not take its pleasures in the same way as Paris or Berlin is only to state the inconvertible fact that Britons are not in the habit of taking them always in the public eye. Because we prefer to dine at home or at our clubs, we are accused of having no restaurants to compare with those of Berlin. Because we have little taste for public ballrooms and promiscuous dancing we are suspected of never dancing at all, though if the list of private dances were published in the newspapers it would certainly astound some some of our detractors. Because we insist on going to the theatre "in all the effulgent glory of evening dress" we are charged with listening "patiently to the more than doubtful artistic treats of the London stage."

The explanation of this delusion is very simple. The stranger who visits London has need of some other guide than a courier de place, and some other introduction than a full purse and a craving for midnight revelries. If the seeker after pleasure wants to turn night into day he can certainly do better in Berlin, where the doors of the public dancing rooms are wide open and the law does not insist that he shall neither eat nor drink in public after past twelve at night. But that London has both pleasures and attractions for those who can command them is proved by the ever-increasing number of its votaries who come from all parts of the world, and leave not an hotel or boarding-house uncrowded during the season.

"I see," said Hicks, "that they have started a movement over in England to remodel the Ten Commandments."

"Remodel, eh?" Dorkins retorted. "What a waste of time—all they need is restoration."—Harper's Weekly.

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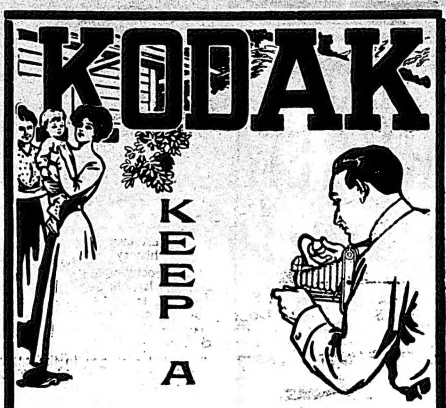

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Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward

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The Sheffield Choir As It Appears to an Eastern Newspaper Woman

"Katharine Hale," the well-known literary editor of the Toronto Mail and Empire recently published the following regarding the Sheffield Choir, the visit of which next week is undoubtedly the biggest event in Edmonton's musical history:

Reciprocity—an amiable word—has of late stirred up a most undesirable strife between nations. Now comes music—"heavenly maid"—who allies herself to reciprocity and proceeds to girdle the globe by a British "Red Route," singing everywhere songs of the hope and glory of the Empire.

The Sheffield Choir is, at the time of writing, making its appearance in all the principal cities of Canada, and its director and organizer, Dr. Charles A. E. Harris of Ottawa, says:

"Musical reciprocity around the Empire is three-fold in its mission, namely: Music-making, Business-making and Empire-making. As regards Music-making, it appeals to the sympathies and stimulates the senses. As regards Business, it induces a body of business men, through a love of Music, to travel the Empire, there to discuss with the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce speedier means of trade expansion between the Mother Country and her overseas Dominions. As concerning the Empire, musical reciprocity enables us to get in touch with our kith and kin of the new worlds, and our pilgrimage through the respective countries of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and South Africa, reveals to us our Empire as it really is."

I was much interested in the principal works given by the choir and orchestra: Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius," and "Pan" a Symphonic Choric Idyl,, by Dr. Harriss. No more directly opposite musical ideas could well be imagined. One the story of a Catholic soul winning his way through Purgatory to Paradise, a soul in a fright, interrupted by the celestial chorus of angels of priests, demons and the guardian angel with whom he comes into the veiled presence of God. And the other a purely pagan transcription of the life of nature, on the theme of Pan and the birth of music.

You remember the story of Syrinx, "the tameless maiden", who was pursued by Pan and sought refuge in a stream where Diana turned her into a reed. And how the baffled god called to her so urgently that she answered, and evermore her voice has been the music of the flute.

There are some excellent passages in this Symphony, especially where Pan, seeking his love, bends down to bind the reeds, blows across the hollow stems, and finds that he has discovered Her again. A strange piping is heard—the bare fifth and the octave. Out of these grows a quaint pastoral melody, given to the oboe in the orchestra. And so Pan's song, in which he makes to mankind the gift of music to comfort them in all their mortal days, is very skillfully cast in the fashion of the first normal expression in the art of pastoral music.

After pursuing the labarynthine ways of a most complex basement, I stumbled up a dark little stairway and into a bare sitting-room evedidently pertaining to the soloists of the Sheffield Choir, who were having an animated discussion, to judge by a medley of strident voices. I was met by a combination of haughty British stares, to which I returned a welcoming Canadian smile. Precisely at this moment a sanguine and much-hurried little gentleman rushed in from another direction and approached me with a delightful unconventionality. "Goodness! How hot you Canadians keep your halls!" We are nearly dead in these dressing rooms."

It was Dr. Henry Coward.

"Tell me things about your tour," I asked.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know that there is much to tell. Here we are, you see, and in no spirit of vain-glory either. We don't go through Canada with the feeling that we have come over to teach you things—or the United States either for that matter—its pure reciprocity; give and take, you know.

"I am glad that you are going to that big country to the south just now," he answered. 'There needs to be an international message of goodwill. Music is always better than words. And you'll find them friendly —and great."

"Well, we've got up the Ninth Symphony for Cincinnati alone," he replied.

"You are going to a pretty critical choral centre there," we suggested.

Whereat the significant virtues of the Sheffield Choir were pointed out with vigour, and one little sentence I will always remember, for it was probably typical of the man and his choir. "Diction is my strong point, that and harmony. I was a fiddler once and I fiddle still. This great choir is my string quartette. There are the four parts and the must sound like one instrument. I allow no ragged edges and no overbalancing of parts."

Without there was a subsidence of the orchestra which had been performing a muffled accompaniment to our little dialogue. Dr. Coword became suddenly alert, hastily we made our adieux, and in two minutes he was on the conductor's stand, again "fiddling" with his great quartette.

To prove that the musical reciprocity idea is growing, I noticed, in a despatch from Berlin the other day, that the Kaiser had recently told his American favourite, Putman Griswold, baritone at the Berlin Royal Opera, that he considered an interchange of German and American singers as important and as valuable for relations between Germany and America as the exchange professorship institution had proven to be.

Lady Norah Noel is one of the soloists with the Sheffield Choir and a vigorous type of the English woman who allows nothing to interfere with her "career." English women are much more independent and unconventional than either Americans or Canadians, and the joy of travel is born in them. The youngest daughter of Lord Gainsborough, whose ancestral home at Exton Park is one of the most beautiful of English historic mansions, Lady Norah Noel is a clever musician and has studied under the best masters in Florence and Dresden. She is accompanied by her brother, Lord Campden, who is an attache to the British legation at Christiania when he is not girdling the globe on musical reciprocity bent.

Coming With Chevalier

After considerable negotiation, Frederic Shipman has secured Edna Blanche Showalter, the American soprano, for the Albert Chevalier tour of Western Canada. Miss Showalter is only twenty-two, but she has already been acclaimed by musical critics as the "Melba of To-morrow." Her rise has been remarkably rapid, for a few years ago she was absolutely unknown to the musical world. How one opportunity leads to another is exemplified in Miss Showalter's career. Her first opportunity came when she was engaged for the Grand Opera "Paoletta," produced at Cincinnati under the auspices of the Ohio Valley Exposition. Miss Showalter alternated the leading role with Mme. de Pasquali of the Metropolitan Opera and scored instant and complete success. Walter Damrosch, the great conductor, heard her and immediately engaged her as soloist with the Damrosch Orchestra for the 1910-11 tour. Henry W. Savage, the far-seeing impresario,, in search of a prima donna to sing the leading role in his English production of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," heard Miss Showalter's exquisite and declaring her to be the ideal "Minnie", has secured her as prima donna for what will easily be one of the biggest events of next season—the first English production of the opera, the "Girl of the Golden West." Miss Showalter will first be heard in Canada at the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, where the Chevalier tour opens on May 22.

Songs that Have Made History

Sir Ernest Clarke, the Chairman of the Folk-Song Society, lecturing March 11 before the London Section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, said the curious point in connection with songs that had made history was that they were, more often than not, written by men who had no other claim to immortality. It was almost in the nature of things that such songs should be produced when men's minds were greatly agitated, and their blood stirred by events that appealed to their emotions, and especially to their patriotism. Such a song was 'When the King enjoys his own again,' written by Martin Parker, the most celebrated ballad maker of Stuart times, but no one knew who the composer was. Invented to support the declining interests of Charles I, the song kept up the spirits of the Cavaliers during the Commonwealth period, and promoted the restoration of Charles' son. At the revolution of 1688 it was a favorite with the Stuart adherents, and it served to keep alive the Jacobite enthusiasm in every corner of Great Britain down to the reign of George III.

The oldest Welsh melody extant was 'Morva Rhyddlan,' composed in 795; and after many hundred years Evan James, an obscure schoolmaster, wrote some words which were now known as the Welsh National Anthem. At a mass meeting in Wales to celebrate the end of the South African War very few knew 'God Save the King,' but 'The Land of My Fathers' was rendered with immense enthusiasm.

In Scotland the earliest of the songs which had made history were connected with the risings of 1715 and 1745. One such song, 'Hey Tuttie Tatie,' supposed to imitate the rub-a-dub of a drum, acquired a tune which was afterwards set to Burns' stirring lyric, 'Scots Wha Hae!'

A contention was always going on between the three divisions of the United Kingdom as to the original nationality of many of our national airs. The words of 'Auld Lang Syne' were by Burns, but the music was adapted from the opera of 'Rosina,' by William Shield, the Englishman. Scotland, in revenge, alleged that the tune of 'The Wearing of the Green' was adapted from an air by James Oswald, a Caledonian composer. 'Rule Britannia' was written by a Scot, James Thomson, and composed by an Englishman, Thomas Arne. 'Home, Sweet Home' was set by a Londoner, Sir Hy. Bishop, to words by an American, John Howard Payne. But if 'The Wearing of the Green' might owe something of its tune to Scotland, its words were the outpouring of an anonymous street ballad writer during the Irish rebellion of 1789.

Songs had many changes. Ralph Tomlinson, the President of the Anacretonic Club, which met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, wrote an ode 'To Anacreon in Heav'n,' which John Stafford Smith set to music, some time before 1788. Nothing happened till September, 1814, when Francis Scott Key, a young American Lawyer, watched the bombardment of Baltimore by a the song beginning, 'O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,' now known as 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The music to this was nothing less than Stafford Smith's old convivial glee, 'To Anacreon in Heav'n,' so that the most generally known and esteemed American patriotic song was an English composition. Again, 'Yankee Doodle' was written to ridicule the American Colonial Militia raised to help the British against the French, and the tune has been claimed as Dutch, German, Spanish, and Hungarian, but was probably an old English dancing tune.

The question of having a marching song for use in the British army had of late come prominently into notice, but this was not a new idea, as was shown by the history of 'The Marseillaise.' Before the Terror Marie Antoinette used to sing to the Dauphin in his cradle a popular song known as 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,' which has got mixed up in some obscure way with our great general, Marlborough, and was freely translated into English as:—

Malbrook, the prince of commanders.
Has gone to the war in Flanders,
His fame is like Alexander's
But when will he come home?

And the adapter supplied an answer, not in the original:—

He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

And about 1830 the delicate and rather melancholy French air of Malbrook was turned into a convivial song, 'We won't go home till morning,' the second verse of which began 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

The control of the Rhine, said the lecturer, had always been a bone of contention between France and Germany. A quiet and obscure Swabian merchant named Max Schneckenburger, who never did anything else, was in 1840 minded to write some verses on the Rhine, the burden of which was:—

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

The Franco-German War gave them an enormous vogue; and they became adapted as the national hymn of United Germany, and a yearly pension of 3,000 marks was conferred on the composer of the tune, Carl Wilhelm.

Friend—When do you expect Mr. Rich to recover?

Doctor—I don't know; he's the only patient I have at the present time.—Brooklyn Life.

F. Rogers

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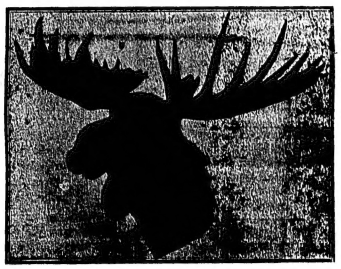

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ABATEMAGGIO

Accuser of the Camorra

The first glimpse of Viterbo, girt by her marvellously preserved Lombard walls, far down in the valley, burst upon me at the end of an easy two hours' motor run through the dreary, wild Roman Campagna. A surfeit of art had driven me from the Eternal City to dip into the strange drama of real life, sordid and polluted, but throbbing with human interest, that is being unrolled day by day at Viterbo. The very country between Rome and Viterbo seems attuned to the spirit of the Camorra trial; fierce and fear-inspiring. The few people encountered on the wretched road looked like brigands, sinister of aspect, picturesquely rough and rugged. The weirdness of it all reached a climax when at a considerable height we passed through an infernal region of sulphur and brimstone, a mile or so of volcanic exhalations.

Then came the swift descent of some 1,600 feet into the compact city, past the prison guarded by soldiers and gendarmes, through an ancient gate into the narrowest of mediaeval streets of half-decayed palaces. At the end of it was a small market-place abuzz with life and the chatter of many excited tongues and ablaze with a riot of colour; at one side of the square the handsome facade of the seventeenth-century church which now serves as Court of Assizes.

It all passed by me like a flash; and a moment later I found myself looking down from the tribune of the north transept upon the amazingly strange scene. Opposite, in the south transept, flanked and backed by carabinieri and officers, rose the famous iron cage with its four rows of prisoners; beside it, and a little forward, the smaller, now empty, cage reserved for the accuser; where the high altar stood of yore, the judicial bench, presided over by the bearded judge; in the transept below me, the jury; and in the nave, first the desks and benches of counsel and solicitors, and further back the serried ranks of the unprofessional audience. Above the velarium stretched across choir and nave could be clearly seen the exquisitely wrought capitals of the columns and the vaulting of the roof.

The Ex-Camorrist

On the altar steps, facing the jury, stands a smartly dressed, good-looking, youngish man. His left foot is slightly thrust forward, a bandage protruding through the slashed leather of the boot. He stands in an easy attitude, his left arm on his back, his right arm accentuating with measured, rounded movements the points of his oration. He has a pleasant, cultured voice; and he talks eloquently, dispassionately, suavely, with a balanced flow of language worthy of a professional orator.

"Who is it?" I asked my neighbor.

"Why, Abatemaggio—the accuser!"

So this self-possessed, gentlemanly orator was the ex-Camorrist's evidence! I looked at the thirty-six occupants of the cage—they were, with few exceptions, like Abatemaggio: well-dressed, well-mannered middle-class people, such as you may meet any day at any of the better restaurants in a prosperous Italian town. But for the cage it would have been pardonable to mistake the caged murderers and thieves for the jurymen—and the unfortunate jurymen, who have to sacrifice their whole time for nine or ten months for 3s. 4d. a day, for the accused Camorrists.

And Abatemaggio continues his fluent address. He speaks and speaks until the judge rises, mutters a remark—presumably adjourning the court for an interval—and leaves the church. The moment he has disappeared there is an outbreak of coughing and speaking. Matches are struck in every part of the building, and lawyers, jurymen, reporters, in fact, everybody in court, begin—to smoke! More surprising still, a few Pressmen leave their gallery to approach the cage and have a friendly chat with the prisoners and with Father Vitozzi, who sits with the air of martyred innocence

Father Vitozzi

The buzz of voices dies down suddenly. Cigarettes and cigars are dropped on the floor. There is a great scraping of feet as everybody in court rises on the reappearance of the judge. A final outburst of throat-clearing and spitting in nave and transepts—jurymen, prisoners, lawyers, and audience joining in the revolting chorus and in the two-fold desecration of church and hall of justice. Abatemaggio leaves his cage escorted by two caribenieri, and, with his wonted calmness and unconcern, resumes his oration from the altar-steps.

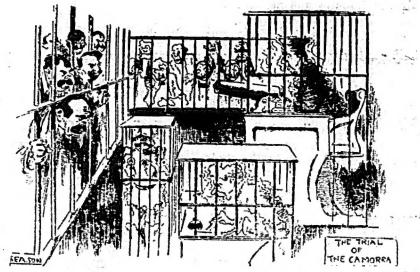
"Illustrissimi signori giurati"—most illustrious gentlemen of the jury—he begins, with a slight, polite bow to the jury. "There are one or two points which I have omitted this morning from my account of the sequence of events. Allow me to rectify this omission."

And he continues, with never a moment's hesitation, with never a break in his voice. He is never melodramatic, never over-emphatic. He talks slowly, deliberately, like a practised orator, marshalling up his facts with the deadly sureness of incontrovertible statistics. He might be a Cabinet Minister explaining some new legislative measure to a bored audience. Nothing in his voice or gesture betrays that he is revealing an appalling story of murder, theft, robbery, conspiracy, crime and vice of every description—that the fate of thirty-six caged prisoners depends upon his Ciceronic eloquence.

Abatemaggio talks; the prisoners in the cage listen impassively; the Camorra priest Vitozzi with an indescribable expression of injured innocence on his villainous face, sits immovable like a statue, his chin resting on his hands, which are supported by a strong stick. Once only, when the eloquent accuser has divulged a particularly incriminating incident, a wave of shrugging shoulders and other signs of protest pass through the cage, and the priest, with an air of almost grotesque hypocrisy, makes the sign of the cross and raises his arms heavenwards as if to implore the Almighty's foregiveness for Abatemaggio.

The Hero of the Drama

Abatemaggio sees nothing of this pantomime. His memory is amazing. He speaks, with his melodious, well-modulated voice, of things that happened long, long ago; but he remembers every apparently trivial incident. He develops the sensational drama hour by hour, day by day.



Mayer, in the N. Y. Times.

He has no notes, but he never contradicts himself. He is never at a loss for words or facts. There is no break in the even flow of his polished sentences until it is cut short by a sudden uproar which emanates from the lawyers' benches: a scene of wild excitement, everybody shouting and gesticulating wildly, and apparently bullying the judge, who however, does not allow his temper to be ruffled.

Indeed, the judge and Abatemaggio are the only calm persons in court. The accuser does not flinch for a moment under the violence of the storm that his words have raised. He looks calmly upon the shouting lawyers, twists his moustache—and waits for the judge to restore order. Then he continues his recital about the doings of the Camorra as dispassionately as if he were lecturing before an assembly of science students.

"When do you think he will finish?" I asked an Italian reporter.

"Chi lo sa? He has spoken all day long yesterday, and, as you know, to-day. And it is not likely that he will get through it before to-morrow afternoon."

Abatemaggio was still speaking when I left Viterbo, late in the afternoon, for Orviet. He seemed to me the real hero of that strangely undramatic drama. His restrained and quiet manner had invested the unsensational proceedings with an interest far greater than the temporary excitement of turbulent scenes.

—P. G. Konody in London Daily Mail.

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BARBERS AND THE SAFETY RAZOR

Bearded chins were the order of the day in Canada some thirty years ago. If you have forgotten or have never noticed, just get a photograph of a man of thirty or forty, taken in the seventies. You will find that he had a bearded chin. Just why there are so few bearded chins nowadays is hard to explain. Fashion, perhaps. Sir Edmund Walker and his eldest son keep up the old tradition in Toronto. So do Senator Cox and Mr. E. R. Wood, but they compromise, which Sir Edmund and his son do not.

My barber gave me his views the other day. "How's business?" said I—because he is an old acquaintance.

"Good," he replied, "in spite of the safety razor."

"Explain, please, I don't quite understand."

"Well, we do very little shaving of men now. Soon we will do nothing but hair-cutting, singeing and shampooing. In the days of the old-fashioned razor there were many men who couldn't shave themselves or who were afraid. These men were our regular customers. You could pick them out in the car as they came down in the morning—the great unshaved. By noon, they had stolen the time to get a shave at their regular shop. Their special razor and special mug were there, and their time for getting shaved was pretty regular. Now, if you will look around on the men in the car as you come down in the morning, they have all clean chins. That is the safety razor."

"Don't you hate it?" I broke in.

"That would be foolish," the philosopher replied. "We make the best of it. What men save on shaves they spend on taking care of their hair. That is our specialty now, and there will be fewer bald heads in future. Yes, we are hair-dressers now, not barbers."

"Are you agent for a safety razor?" I asked, getting smilingly suspicious.

"No, don't even use one. Still that might be a good idea. I'll think it over."

And I went away shortly afterwards wondering if I shouldn't invest a hundred or two in safety razor stock. Then it occurred to me that I had never seen safety razor stock boomed in the market and my brain began to whirl with ideas. I am engaged in investigations.—Canadian Courier.

BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE

Biblical knowledge, according to some Lawrenceville, New Jersey, examination papers:

"Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, had grown to quite an old age and had never had a child. This troubled her as she had lived a Christian life."

"Elizabeth his wife was a baron."

"Cubit was the name of the goddess of love."

"They locked Peter up and put checkles on him."

"John was finally hanged on an olive branch."

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.

SUFFERED SINCE HER CHILDHOOD

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS MADE MRS. LAPRAIRIE A NEW WOMAN

Nipissing lady gives an experience that should prove of immense value to the suffering women of Canada.

Laprairieville, Nipissing District, Ont., May 1st (Special)—After suffering from various forms of kidney ills since she was a child, Mrs. O. Laprairie is a well woman and once more it has been proved that no case of Kidney Trouble is too severe or of too long standing for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.

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What Winnipeg Thought of Edmonton's Entry

The Free Press

The Free Press had the following notice: Edmonton has every reason to be proud of the showing made last night by the six clever amateurs who represented the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic club. Appearing in a play that even when presented by such distinguished professionals as Isabel Irving and the fine company that surrounded her, was criticised because of its paucity of action, the Edmonton players gave a performance that was at all times satisfactory and sometimes even brilliant. "The Tyranny of Tears" is really nothing more than talk, much of it exceedingly clever and full of keen repartee and biting satire. Chopped into four acts, all of which take place in the same setting, it tells a pretty story which helps decidedly to maintain the interest of the audience, but it is a somewhat severe tax on amateurs who often find it exceedingly difficult to hold a sitting or standing position while delivering themselves of long-winded orations. There were many misgivings on the part of those who wished well to the Edmonton club when its choice of play was announced, but they all disappeared before the first act had been concluded last night.

All six members of the company showed an intelligent grasp of the play and made their points easily and naturally, perhaps almost too naturally, as a little more vivacity and abandon would undoubtedly have brightened the action and lessened the sameness against which even clever professionals had to struggle. A particularly noticeable feature of the performance was the splendid enunciation and the naturally good speaking voices of all the company. At times there was a tendency to lower the voices unduly that might easily have been overcome had those on the stage realized this slight shortcoming. This was particularly noticeable on the part of Miss Seymour as "Mrs. Parbury," who also tripped a little in her lines once or twice, due no doubt to nervousness. Apart from this her role was intelligently and carefully taken. A.E. Nash as "Mr. Parbury," proved an excellent leading man, letter perfect in his lines, which he delivered with fine intonation and a natural easy manner. He has a tendency at times to clip his words, which is probably his natural manner of speaking, but his enunciation is quite clear and his accent has just the touch of English needed for the part.

To Mrs. A. B. Watt, in the fine role of "Miss Hyacinth Woodward," the indispensable secretary and the thirteenth daughter of a poor clergyman, must undoubtedly be awarded the honors of the performance. The assurance and finish of her acting is equalled by the charm and carrying power of her well modulated voice. Naturally quiet and restrained in her method, she proved to have a store of vivacity which she used with dainty effect when it was called for. E. Reynolds is a natural and capable juvenile, with a keen sense of humor and the somewhat rare ability to make humorous points tell without straining. S. R. Farquharson contributed a pleasing character study of the fussy old Colonel Armitage, always in search of a word to express his meaning, while H. L. Williams made all there was to be made of a few good lines and some rather clever business as the butler. On the whole it may be said that the Edmonton players proved a surprise, and they were rewarded with enthusiastic applause at the close.

The Telegram

The Telegram said: The great event of the evening was the production of a delightful English comedy which is probably destined to be a classic, "The Tyranny of Tears," which was done in England by Sir Charles Wyndham and in America by Mr. H. Reeves Smith. The authorship of "The Tyranny of Tears" is published as that of Haddon Chambers, but it has always been suspected that another and abler man had a hand in the play. Haddon Chambers before and since has been a writer of melodramas of which "Captain Swift" was the most successful. It is singular that a dramatist capable of the social satire and delightfully witty dialogue to be found in this piece should have devoted the rest of his life to much coarser work.

When "The Tyranny of Tears" was first produced in London, the late Oscar Wilde had but lately gone to prison, and all the brilliant plays which bear his name and which have recently been revived had been withdrawn from the boards. The story was told that it was Wilde who devised the story of "The Trranny of Tears" and that at the time of his arrest and incarceration he had sketched out most of the dialogue. It was stated that Haddon Chambers was engaged for the mere mechanical business of putting the material into shape for production. For the truth of this story the writer cannot vouch, but internal evidence favors the theory involved.

The play is a most delicate satire on married life and a light and fragile theme is made the vehicle of a deal of wit, philosophy and genuine sentiment. Its action deals with the little jars, the little selfishnesses of married men and women. To tell the story in detail would give but little idea of the charm of the play. Its beauty lies rather in its felicity of characterization than in any robust theatrical episodes. A nervous novelist and essayist, Clement Parbury, finds that after the sweets of the honeymoon are over he has married a chit, who is jealous not only of his work, in which she cannot assist him, but of the woman secretary who is of real assistance. She catches this amanuensis (the poverty-stricken daughter of a country parson with a multitude of children) kissing her husband's photograph. She orders the young person's dismissal and uses tears as her weapon to attain her ends in this case as in all others where her will conflicts with that of her husband. The secretary rebels, and the husband rebels, but the tyranny of tears in the end triumphs, though not before a husband of most agreeable character has been found for the secretary. Thus all ends happily, though it leaves the audience in very grave doubt as to whether there is any future for Parbury as a novelist.

The piece is one that requires the utmost finesse of its interpreters. It was astonishing to find that far-away Edmonton, the last of the new cities of Canada, could provide so excellent a production. One of the eastern visitors expressed the opinion that it was probably the best that has been given since Earl Grey decided to establish his trophy competitions with the exception of the production of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" by the Beverley Robinson Players of Toronto, to whom John Corbis of New York awarded the trophy of 1909. The two really important roles of the piece were done with a skill that entitled them to criticism under the best professional standards.

The Parbury of Mr. A. E. Nash was so capital in its delineation of moods, in mordant humor and in personal distinction that it was difficult to believe that he was not a newcomer from the admirable and clean-cut school of epigrammatic comedians which now graces the London stage.

In the role of the secretary on which the author of this piece, whoever he is, has bestowed many delightful and effective speeches, Mrs. Balmer Watt, one of the best known of Canadian newspaper women, showed not only a high order of intelligence and humor, but in the scene where the strong-minded girl bursts into tears, a true imaginative mimetic gift. The role of the tearful wife was hardly so well done by Miss Seymour, but it is understood that she undertook the part at the last moment to fill the place of a young lady who could not come to Winnipeg. Mr. S. R. Farquharson, as a rakish old colonel of the conventional type in British comedy, was richly amusing and correct in bearing. Mr. E. Reynolds was agreeable in manner and capably made his points as Parbury's cynical young friend Gunning, who marries the secretary. Mr. H. L. Williams did a fine "bit" as the servant.

The fact that the whole play is in one scene rendered its staging comparatively easy. Therefore minor details like the production of what were obviously local papers instead of English ones easily obtainable seemed a serious oversight. Nevertheless, it surpassed many professional performances seen at high prices in this and other cities.

The Saturday Post

The Edmonton company appeared on Tuesday night in a modern "society" drama, "The Tyranny of Tears," and redeemed all the promises made that they would prove dangerous competitors for the dramatic trophy. Their work throughout evinced the most careful preparation, apart altogether from the fine ability of the different members of the small company of six. Mrs. Watt surprised everyone who had not seen her before by her surprisingly clever and assured interpretation of the role of the secretary. Blessed with a charming voice and a quiet and convincing manner, she made many in the big audience forget that she was not of the professional ranks. At the time of writing is would seem that Mrs. Watt must prove a strong claimant for the individual prize which goes to the best woman actor in the dramatic competition. Mr. Nash gave pleasure in his refined and well-studied characterization of the leading male role, "Mr. Parbury."

"I thought you didn't care for Mrs. Green."

"I don't."

"Then why are you sending these souvenir postal cards to her?"

"Just to make her jealous. She's never been to Newport, and she'll be furious to think I have."
—Detroit Free Press.

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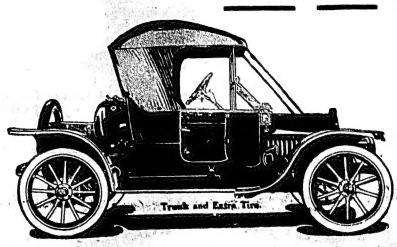

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

Roderick Mackenzie, the well known Winnipeg horseman, has sold his famous horse Michael Angelo, to William Walker, of Norfolk, Virginia for $12,000, and all his other horses will go under the hammer after the Pimlico meeting.

Mr. Mackenzie has expressed his intention to friends east of going out of horse racing, his whole time being required for the development of Sir William Mackenzie's interests in western Canada. It is figured out there that Mr. Mackenzie had $300,000 tied up in horses and stables.

The season is getting on and nothing has yet been done in regard to Edmonton cricket. There should be no further delay in reorganization. To show what can be done in the way of a city league the growth of that in Winnipeg may be mentioned. Both a senior and an intermediate series will be played this year.

The clubs in the association are: Senior — Civics, Wanderers, Winnipegs (two teams), Telegram, C. P. R., St. Judes, Fort Osborne.

Intermediate— Telegram, St. Judes, Manitoba Government, Telephones, Wanderers, C. P. R., White Rose, Carribbean, Christ Church, Weston, Eaton's Rangers.

The news of the death of Percy McBride has been received with the deepest regret the country over. This is not an exaggerated statement for there were few young men more widely known or more highly thought of. His business during the past six years took him to all parts of the west and everywhere he went he made friends. Just recently he decided to give up the work which kept him on the road and make his home in Edmonton. It was as the representative of the lacrosse club of this city that he went to Calgary to attend the meeting called for the formation of a provincial league. While there he was taken down with pneumonia and died in the general hospital on Sunday. He was a splendid specimen of young Canadian manhood, physically and mentally. Ten years ago he was a prominent member of the Toronton lacrosse club and was on the team that so successfully toured Great Britain. The sudden cutting off a career of so much promise is one of the profoundest of tragedies.

Alberta has been a large factor at the Vancouver Horse Show. F. C. Lowes' Lady Tuck, won the general championship in the imported registered hackney event against the very best horses from all parts of the continent. Those who have admired Lady Tuck at different times since Mr. Lowes brought her to Calgary from New York will not be at all surprised at the outcome. The verdict practically means that he possesses the finest hackney in America. Crispian, Katy Did, Victor and Victoria and other entries of Mr. Lowes carried off their full share of honors.

Toble, owned by Count de Roaldes, Kew, Alberta, won first in the open class for mares and geldings, four years and over, carrying up to 200 pounds. P. Burns & Co., and R. G. J. Van Storlendorff of Okotoks, were other Alberta winners. These excellent results are most of them to be traced directly to the stimulation of interest that the Calgary Horse Show is responsible for.

The winning of the Two Thousand Guineas by J. B. Joel's Sunston makes the Derby result all the more doubtful. Up to the present Leopold de Rothschild's Pietri, with Danny Maher up, has been prime favorite. He was among the also rans in the race for the Guineas. The entry from Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, does not appear to be attracting much notice.

It is greatly to be feared that interest in cross-country running has died down very considerably in the last three or four years. Too much professionalism and so much suspicion of crooked work is responsible. Where strictly amateur lines are followed, there is no finer sport and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed to die down in Edmonton, though Alex. Decoteau, of the police force, permanently annexed the Cross cup on Saturday night, winning it for the fifth time. The result was considered a foregone conclusion but Philip Brockall was only forty seconds behind, making Decoteau go the five miles in 28.31, which isn't slow travelling. He is a great runner and could hold his own with the best anywhere.

That distinguished Alberta athlete, his domicile now being Calgary, who was known to fame as Tommy Burns, has decided to settle down to peace and a quiet life and be Noah Brusso once

(Continued on page eight.)

ANNOUNCEMENT

CLEGG-CASE

SPORTING GOODS HOUSE

We beg to announce that having to vacate our present premises on Jasper Ave., you will find us temporarily located on McDougall Ave. next to Travis Barker's Exchange Mart. All kinds of Sporting Shoes. Our new stocks of sporting goods are here: Bicycles, Football, Baseball, Tennis, Lacrosse, Golf. Guns and Bicycles Repaired.

McDOUGALL AVENUE SOUTH

Motor Vehicles Act Regulations

Governing Permits, Renewals and Transfers

Pursuant to Section 3 of The Motor Vehicles Act, the following regulations have been duly fixed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council governing the issuance of permits and renewals and transfers thereof.

1. The following fees shall be paid to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for Motor Vehicle permits, renewals and transfers:

For permit on first application	$5.00
For permit to manufacturer on first application	2.00
For annual renewal of each permit	2.00
For transfer of permit	50

2. A permit shall remain in force during the calendar year in which it is issued and it shall be renewed immediately after the thirty-first day of December in each year.

3. On a change of ownership of a registered Motor Vehicle the permit shall go with the Vehicle and notice of such change of ownership shall within twenty-four hours be sent by the person to whom such permit was issued to the Department of the Provincial Secretary together with the full name and address of the purchaser and the purchaser shall forthwith pay the transfer fee.

4. A number corresponding to that of the permit shall be exposed only upon the Motor Vehicle in respect of which the permit was issued.

5. A permit may be issued to a manufacturer of or dealer in Motor Vehicles upon payment of the fee hereinbefore provided, which said permit shall apply to any Motor Vehicle which said manufacturer or dealer may from time to time, during the term of the said permit hold for sale and not for private use or hire.

6. Such permit may be renewed from year to year upon the terms set out in Section three of.

7. If for any reason any permit issued as aforesaid shall lapse or not be required, the Provincial Secretary may, at any time, cancel any permit issued as aforesaid.

Under Section 12 of The Motor Vehicle Act, any person violating any of the provisions of the Act shall upon summary conviction before a justice of the peace be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, and in default of payment, one month's imprisonment.

F. THOWNBRIDGE,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

MIRROR

(Continued from page two)

men, lovely young girls, and men in regulation evening dress. The scattering of military-aries, added another dash of color, and the Government House set naturally provided unusual eclat.

I must mention the pretty girls in saucy white gowns and mob caps, who sold souvenir programmes on each night. I understand they were Daughters of the Empire, also that the programmes themselves were works of art.

I have now to speak, though I have no intention of doing so in detail, of the Competition itself. As regards the musical end of it I feel that I am in no position to speak with any authority. I can say very truthfully, however, that I enjoyed thoroughly the fine work done by the various choirs and individual competitors. Some more than others, of course, as is natural, still all, each in its own way.

Of the splendid success scored by the "Chimes of Normandy" I can give you no adequate conception. They were winners from the raising of the curtain to the going down of the same. The good will with which they threw themselves into their work, their sprightliness, vivacity, the display they gave of fine dramatic insight, the work of the chorus, and very particularly the clever acting of Miss Landers as Serpolette, took the house by storm and earned them a perfect ovation.

To Mrs. C. P. Walker, the stage directress, and Mr. Henri Bourgeault, the musical director belongs the credit of what I am sincere in believing, is the best amateur production of an opera ever given, at least in Western Canada. I do not pretend to have any inside information as to who are in the running for the prizes and who not, but I shall be very much surprised if the Winnipeg Operatic Society don't carry it off in the end.

"David Garrick", as presented by the Ottawa Club, scored another big success. Of course it is a one-man play. Fortunately, they had the one man to play it. Harry Hayes took the name part, and brought to it such a beautiful speaking voice, so fine a presence and so good a conception of the character, as made his entire performance a delightful one. Miss Edna Thomas is a beautiful girl, and a very pleasing actress, but sitting back in the "L" row, I had often difficulty in catching her lines, which seemed a pity, as her dramatic gifts are undoubted.

On Tuesday we ourselves played, and mark you, you discouraging home critics, were given a splendid reception. Since the performance we have felt happier, feeling that perhaps we haven't quite disgraced Edmonton, which was the encouraging taunt we had applied to us, by various persons, before our departure.

His Excellency and his family were personally more than kind in their commendation of our efforts, and spoke, not once, but often, of the pleasure it had given them.

I understand that it is the intention of the Musical and Dramatic editor to run in this week's issue the comment of the Winnipeg papers on the Edmonton production.

Wednesday was Major Devin's original play, "The Mills of The Gods," played by the Winninegers Philanderers. Candidly I liked its opening better than the finale, but it was the most beautifully staged piece I have ever seen, the women's gowns were exquisite, the cast all good-lookers, and there are certainly possibilities to the play itself—made over.

Mr. H. J. Horan, as the hero, gave a manly, straight-forward presentation of his role, acted easily and naturally, and gave the audience a great deal of pleasure. Miss Castle, though very ill and playing only because she is a rattling good sport and wouldn't leave them in the lurch, demonstrated how effective and clever she could be, in another role. The part was unsuited to her, the play not her sort—well there it is.

Thursday, candidly, being ill, I didn't attend. From all accounts "The Strollers" (Winnipeg) playing in "The Chimney Corner" have a good look in on the trophy. I heard their play was a very delightful presentation from every standpoint with no weak spots. Of "The Thesplans" little was said.

Friday, what were known to be keen competitors for the trophy, the London Club, gave an excellent performance. All around I should say they have the best chance to carry it off. Having played in the piece, as had two other members of the Edmonton Company, we were naturally close critics, and more than interested spectators. Lady Huntworth was very clever, word perfect, and acted with fine spirit. Her husband, the drunken Cryall, did not meet with our approval, nor did we fancy Miss Pillinger, nor very much the Curate. Capt. Dorveston and Lucy, Keziah, Gandy and in some senses the Rev. Mr. Pillinger were excellently well cast. Being frank, I must admit that I think Mr. David Robinson of the former Edmonton cast, could give him aces and trumps and romp home before him, because Mr. Robinson was never strained, never played to the gods, and was beautifully natural has mannerisms. He works his fingers like a Shylock, rolls his eyes over-much, and twists his head in distracting fashion. I'd like to see Edmonton play duplicate whist with London for the honors, in the same captivating piece.

Saturday the Margaret Eaton School of Expression held the boards in "She Stoops to Conquer." They came to the sound of many trumpets, they had the most money up on carrying off the honors, were most feared, most seriously considered. The week is over but I can not persuade myself that they are now the most popular favourites for first place. They acted well, and gracefully, but excepting only the case of Tony Lumpkin, it would have been very easy to have picked them out for what they are—promising elocutionists. They did not speak well. Marlow, though he possesses a good natural voice, and Hastings, too, half the time, could not be heard. Miss Kate Hardcastle looked charming and acted very beautifully and gracefully, her voice, however, struck me as affected, and her laugh likewise. Tony was the pick of the company, Tony, who acted like the reckless, dare-devil, mischievous bumpkin-lumpkin he was—still an ingratiating Tony, with an infectious laugh, and a keen sense of the what and why of his role.

Peggy

Casey—Phwat kind av a horse is a cob?

Mulligan—It's wan that's been raised intoirely on corn, ye ignoramus.—Boston Transcript.

In the Athletic World

(Continued from page seven)

more.. He is at Ottawa just now, and says he intends to join Tom Flanagan and manage athletic associations in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Calgary.

"I'll never be able to fight again," he said. "My leg is gone and I am getting too fat. I will not meet any of those challengers from Australia. McIntosh wrote me, asking if I would box Bill Lang for the championship of the British empire, but I had to refuse. It's no use. I will never be able to fight again.

"I have made a dollar or two, and I don't think I'll worry any more. I've been all over the world and the west looks good to me."

It is stated in Calgary that Burns has been offered $10,000 to play home on the Vancouver lacrosse club for the season. There is no doubt that he can play lacrosse but no one would think of offering that sum for him if he weren't a side attraction as the ex-championship pugilist of the world. Such practices can only do the game harm. Newsy Lalonde, of Montreal, it seems, has been promised $3500 for the season's work by Vancouver. He is, of course, a lacrosse player pure and simple. But if the other salaries are anything like on this scale, where is the team to get off at? Lacrosse will suffer and even as a money-making proposition it cannot be expected to go.

The Calgary Herald has been investigating the baseball situation in Central Alberta and finds that the Twilight League is looking forward to a very active season. It is to be composed of Wetaskiwin, Ponoka, Leduc, Hardisty, Red Deer, Lacombe, Alix Stettler, Castor, and perhaps Gadsby. This ten-club league will draw up a schedule and play semi-pro games are paid men, and are receiving a good salary. In several of the towns the player is guaranteed a certain amount, and he is secured a position which brings him a super month. The club makes up the balance of the amount guaranteed.

Many players, according to the Herald's information, are receiving from $100 to $150 a month. If this is so, the people in these towns must have completely lost their heads. How can a town of a thousand people or so keep up that sort of thing? It is in places of this size that we are accustomed to look for baseball of the genuine sporting variety. Who has not happy memories of old county leagues down east where the boys of the town played the game for the pure love of it and put up exhibitions that the whole countryside took an interest in? Are we so commercialized that we can't have this out west?

In the Western Canada League the different teams appear to be getting into shape, though the weak members will undoubtedly require a good deal of nursing. It is Saskatoon that the greatest fears are expressed in regard to. Edmonton and Calgary, which have been the life of the league up to the present, are certain to have first-class aggregations.

Motor car owners of Edmonton have organized a club with the following officers:

Patron—Hon. C. R. Mitchell.
Hon. Pres.—Judge Taylor.
President—J. H. Morris.
Vice-Pres.—R. Secord.
Sec.-Treas.—E. L. Ferris.
Ex. Committee—Messrs. Ferguson, Mould, York, McKinley, Crafts, Mills, Dr. Whitelaw, McLeod, Irving.

The club expects a membership of about a hundred. The various plans include the erection of a club house. With the great vogue that motoring now has in the city, the time is undoubtedly ripe for such an organization and it can do a great deal in keeping the pastime along the right lines. Irresponsible drivers have done much in some places to prejudice the general public and it is in seeing that they are kept in order that the club can do the most useful work. But why was the police magistrate not included with the attorney-general and the district judge among the officers? He hears the cases first.

Those who have had the pleasure of playing any games in the good old town of Galt, Ontario, will appreciate the following from the Galt Reporter:—

"By creating parks and playgrounds Galt has done well by its amateur athletes, who take full advantage of the opportunities afforded for indulgence in manly sports. A town that can boast of baseball organizations by the score, of many lacrosse teams, of Rugby and Association football clubs, of cricket elevens, of tennis clubs, two big lawn bowling clubs and a small army of golfers, must be regarded as a pretty fair athletic centre. This is Galt, Hamilton has not an open playground equal to our Victoria Park, where 20,000 people can see a baseball match from the natural grandstand and the batsman can swat the ball past centre field to the far turn of an athletic course 500 feet away."

Nothing adds so much to the charm of life in a place as adequate facilities for sport of all kinds.

Miss Dorothy Campbell and Miss Florence Harvey of Hamilton, and Miss E. C. Nesbit of Woodstock, will sail shortly for England from New York on the S.S. Caledonia. The three golfers intend to compete in the British championships and also several of the big golf tournaments on the other side of the pond, returning in time to take in the Canadian and American championships. Miss Campbell, who was formerly British champion, and at the present time holds the Canadian and American titles, is very confident of winning the honors in the old country again this year, while Miss Harvey, ex-Canadian champion, and Miss Nesbit also expect to make a good showing in the various events.

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Graniteware in every variety of shape and size.
A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra size cast iron parts and exceptional oven $19.75
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Here is a Marvel Heater No 11 ..... 6.95
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Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs, only 2.95
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress 4.75
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost $175.00 ..... 69.00
A strong, full size spring of excellent workmanship, housed in every part for 3.90
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for 8.75
Wash stand for 2.95
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at 2.95
Flannel Sheets 1.25
Building Paper, Tar Paper, Toilet Sets, Horse Rugs, from 3.95
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.

PERHAPS
You are not sure whether or not those old comfortable shoes of yours are worth a new sole. Ask us. Pleased to tell you exactly what they are worth. We know.
THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR CO.,
Cor. Fifth and Jasper.

The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

QUESTION
Do you think that with our reputation and your future custom at stake we can afford to turn out faulty or badly finished work?
THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR CO.,
Cor. Fifth and Jasper.

VOL. VI, No. 20 EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1911. PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Investor

The various monthly statistics confirmed the general testimony as to the immense expansion that is going on in this part of the West. There were 899 homestead entries made during April at the Edmonton land office as compared with 686 for the same month a year ago. Fifty entries in a single morning has now become no unusual thing and the staff is working to the limit. The customs receipts were $50,536.85 as compared with $27,532 a year ago. An increase of thirty per cent is reported by the post office. The street railway system carried 457,959 passengers where it carried 235828 in April, 1910. Traffic on the street has become so heavy that the police department has had to station special constables at the corner of First and at the corner of McDougall to regulate it.

The building permits are leaping up rapidly. The trouble that was feared in the building trades has not materialized and there is reason to hope that it has been avoided. Ground was broken for the $40,000 warehouse of the Great West Saddlery Co., on 4th St., and for the six storey store and office building at the northwest corner of Jasper and 8th, which Dr. Maclean and Dr. Condell are putting up at a cost of $130,000. When Dr. Maclean put up his block at the corner of Seventh the opinion was generally expressed that he was anticipating the movement westward too much. But he evidently knew what he was doing and this new evidence of his faith in that part of the city is significant.

The total building permits for April were $354,952, made up almost altogether of small amounts. Judging by the way May has begun, it looks as if the figures for this month would come close to a million dollars.

The Union Bank this week moved into its fine new building on Jasper, facing Howard.

Announcement was made by Mr. F. W. Peters of the C.P.R., when in Edmonton this week, that the short line from Edmonton to Winnipeg via Wetaskiwin and Saskatoon will be placed in regular operation in the course of another two or three weeks. A daily passenger train will make the run in thirty-two hours. Mr. Peters also declared that it was quite likely that work on the Edmonton station, to be erected at the corner of Jasper and Tenth, would be begun this season.

A report comes from Winnipeg that a Scotch syndicate proposes to build a transcontinental direct from Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay to Port Simpson on the Pacific, with branches south to Edmonton and Winnipeg. The first named branch, which would serve to tap the Peace River would be started first of all and the report is that survey work on it will commence immediately. If navigation of Hudson's Bay is shown to be practicable, there is no doubt that such a line will eventually be built. The fact it would be five and six hundred miles north of the boundary line and that it would cut the distance to the Orient down considerably, Port Simpson and Fort Churchill being only 1500 miles apart, would make it of profound significance to both Canada and the Empire as a whole. Meanwhile we await more definite information regarding the present proposition.

The company which is to develop the marl beds near the line of the G.T.P. west of Edmonton, has been capitalized at $1,150,000 and has the following directors: Lieut. Gov. G. H. V. Bulyea (chairman), J. H. Gariepy, Jas. A. McKinnon, Dr. W. D Ferris, Ald J. E. Lundy, S. H. Smith, A. Driscoll, J. H. Morris, W. S. Heffernan (secretary). Mr. Hassan, one of the eugineers in charge of construction, built the first cement works in Canada at Hull. With him is associated Mr. T. J. Klossosk. They were both connected with the plant at Exshaw.

The demand for Strathcona suburban property continues. Mr. Robert Ritchie this week sold 128 acres three quarters of a mile south-west of the cemetery, west of the Calgary trail, for $16,000.

Official announcement is made of the appointment forecasted last week of Mr. C. W. Rowley, manager of the Bank of Commerce at Calgary since 1902, to succeed John Aird as manager of the branch in Winnipeg and superintendent of all western branches. E. W. Saunders, manager of the Moose Jaw branch, succeeds Mr. Rowley at Calgary.

The promotion is a fine tribute to Mr. Rowley's ability. He has been a a large factor in the growth of Calgary during the years that he has spent there, while his energy and foresight have been no small asset to the bank, the branch of which he opened in the southern city and which has developed an enormous business.

The death took place in England last week of Mr. R. F. Reeve, manager of the Bank of Montreal at Lethbridge, and one of the oldest bankers in Alberta. He opened the branch in Lethbridge in 1897. He was a native of Murray Bay, Quebec.

Gen. Manager McLeod and Gen. Superintendent Cameron, of the C.N.R. went west from Edmonton to Edson at the first of the week to inspect the work which that railway is doing in that vicinity.

The Ranchman's Club in Calgary has taken an option at $150-000 on the home of P. Burns on Thirteenth avenue. It holds till June.

The Grand Trunk Pacific people have also been having some trouble over their hotel site in Regina. The property, which has a frontage of 108 feet on Sixteenth avenue and 125 feet on Albert street, was sold by Dr. Ball, the owner, to Dr. L. D. Steele, but the exact amount of the purchase price could not be learned, although a rumor is current to the effect it was $20,000.

Last year when the Grand Trunk Pacific representative, Sheriff A. B. Cook, endeavored to purchase the property Dr. Ball set $12000 as the price, but the railway officials thought that figure too high and threatened to go to arbitration. "Rather than have any difficulty this year, and as the price was a fair one I sold the property," said Dr. Ball.

The sale of 37 feet on Jasper avenue east, directly west of Chas. Campbell's store, is reported, the price named being $37,000.

W. J. McNamara is this week moving his real estate and insurance office to Strathcona, where he will in future transact business. He also intends moving his family to the University City, as soon as the handsome home he is having erected is completed, which will be in a couple of months.—Wetaskiwin Times.

On Thursday of last week no less than four thousand settlers reached Winnipeg, the largest number that the city has ever seen in a single day. Fully ninety per cent. were British. A peculiar feature of the immigration of this year consists in the fact that only the smallest proportion of the newcomers are available for work on the farms of this province as general laborers, Almost all of them have plans of their own, either to take up homesteads on their own account, or to go to work with relatives or friends already located in the West.

The half section of land known as the Mellon farm, to the west of Grand View Heights, Strathcona, has sold for $102,000.

Mr. C. C. Chipman, commissioner of the Hudsons Bay Co., was in Edmonton this week in connection, it is understood, with the property sales which the company is making.

F. G. Smith and L. R. Wilson of Calgary recently bought six sections of land near Cardston for $96,000.

Seeding has undoubtedly come at the proper time throughout the province. It is early enough to give a good start in the "hundred day" race with the elements and not so early as to have the spring frosts affect it. A slight frost took place last week. Mr. L. F. Strong of the Alberta Pacific Elevator Co., Calgary, declared that no damage was done. "The grain is not far enough advanced," he said, "for any serious damage to be done, anyway, as the tops could only be nipped, and this would make no difference to the grain at this stage."

Mr. Strong also stated that instead of discouraging reports the information sent into the company from agents from all over the province was very encouraging. "Everything points to a good season, and I do not think we have anything to fear," he said.

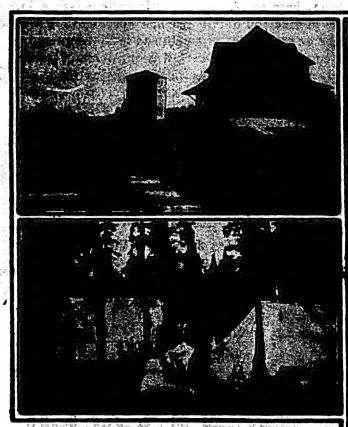
Work is being rushed on construction on the C.N.R. main line west of Edmonton under Division-al Engineer Welby, whose headquarters are at Leaman. It is at that point that the line, after staying well north of the G. T. P., crosses to the south.

The Fort Saskatchewan Herald quotes Sir William Mackenzie to the effect that that town will have 10,000 of a population in five years.

Five acres at the corner of Stoney Plain Road and 21st St. have been purchased for Separate School purposes. The price paid was $15,000. A school is to be built next year

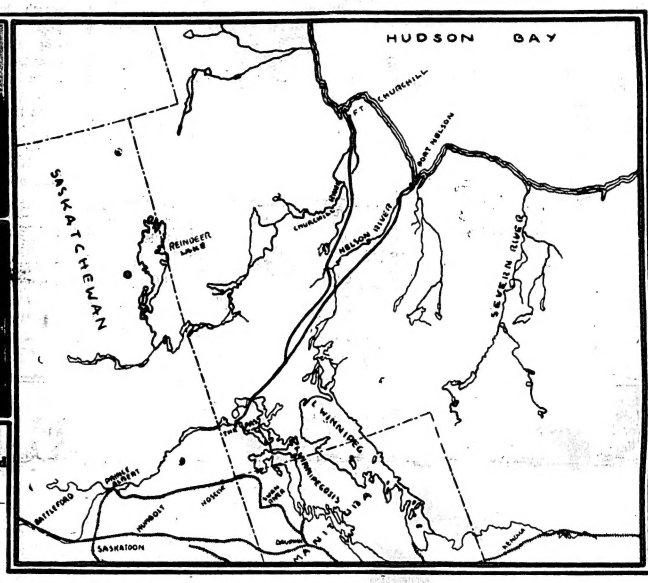
The Anglo Canadian Lands, Fmited, with capital of $500,000 held its first statutory meeting recently in London, in which it was announced that in addition to the 80,000 acres of mixed-farming lands bought in northern Alberta some months ago, some 15,000 acres of wheat land has been purchased in Saskatchewan, on the eastern side of Lake Manitou. In all the company's holding of 95,-600 acres cost an average of $11.-12 per acre. Some 7,345 acres were reported as sold through the agencies of the Saskatchewan Trust company, at an average price of $12.80—a net profit after deducting expenses, of 2,200. Regarding the price of farm lands in Canada, Frank Johnson, the president, had this to say:

"I remember a well-informed friend saying, when I asked him to become a shareholder in the company, that he thought the price of land in Canada was altogether too high. He said that in 1899 similar land could have been bought for some $3 per acre, that the price had risen in 1906 up to $8, and in 1908, in the Edmonton district, similar land was fetching over $15 per acre. With my colleagues I have made the most careful inquiries from many sources in the last three months, and



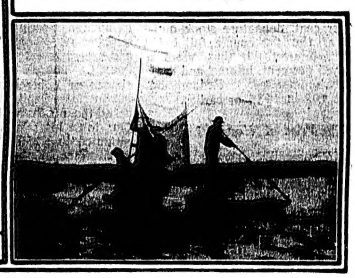
The Pas Station, Canadian Northern Railway

The Pas to Split Lake, on the line of the New Hudson's Bay Railway.



The Routes of the Proposed Hudson's Bay Railway

To the left is shown the Ft. Churchill branch; on the right the Port Nelson branch.



Metishto Lake, near the line of the proposed Hudson's Bay Railway.

Music and Drama

By the time this issue reaches the bulk of the readers of The Saturday News, it is quite probable that the result of the Governor-General's dramatic competition at Winnipeg will be known. It is evident that the Edmonton representatives made an excellent showing.

In another part of the paper appears the comment of Winnipeg papers, while a summary of the week's events is given in the Mirror.

The Winnipeg Telegram on Monday had this to say:

"Winnipeg may congratulate itself on being the scene of the closest and most interesting contest for the dramatic trophy at least that has been witnessed in Canada. "As announced in these columns on Saturday, it was decided by the judges that no statement as to the winners of the various awards should be given out until they return to the east. In fact, the closeness of the contest for the dramatic trophy rendered an immediate decision out of the question. It was obvious that for this award the decision lay between four companies, the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic club, the Ottawa Players' Club, the London Dramatic club, and the Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression."

For the third time in one season Edmonton has heard a really great violinist. Mischa Elman who played to a large audience at McDougall auditorium on Monday evening, is probably the greatest discovery which the present generation has seen in this field of musical effort. While his technique is marvellous, he does not, as some lesser artists do, sacrifice to it the purposes which music, in the first and last analysis, should always serve. The pure beauty of tone and the depth of feeling which characterized his performance made the evening one which cannot be easily forgotten. The Mendelssohn concerto was given as only a perfect master could, while the Handel Sonata was loveliness itself, but undoubtedly the gem of the evening was the Paganini number. Mr. Kahn at the piano was a source of the greatest strength.

To Mr. G. H. Suckling, to whose enterprise and sincere love of good music we are indebted for the admirable series of recitals that we have had since early winter,, Edmonton is under no small obligation.

At the Empire Theatre the first three nights of the week large audiences greeted Miss Vesta Victoria, the famous English comedienne. Her name has long been a household word in the Old Land and deservedly so. As a singer of character songs she has few equals and the old favourites, from which her programmes in Edmonton were largely made up, took on a wonderful freshness and a sprightliness under her interpretation. "Now I Have To Call Him Father," and "Poor John," because the best known, were undoubtedly the favorites.

As for her support, it cannot be said that it was what we had reason to expect. Apart from Miss Victoria, much better vaudeville bills were put on at the Empire in the old days.

FIRST NIGHTER.

we find unanimity of opinion that in the districts in which the company's lands are situated you can expect to obtain, in normal seasons, at least 20 bushels of wheat per acre, and if you take the average cost of that wheat at 90 cents and the average cost of production is not more than 50 cents, you get a profit of 40 cents per bushel, or $8 per acre. In other words, when you have bought wheat-growing land such as this company has got at under $12 per acre, you are giving 18 months' purchase for that land. These figures are confirmed when you refer to the United States; for in Minnesota, North Dakota and Kansas, where you have similar land to that owned by this company, with the exception that the average production of wheat is materially less there than in Canada, you find that the average price of land in 1910 was $53 per acre, and that at the present time similar lands in those states are fetching from $100 to $150 per acre. I think, therefore, we have every reason to anticipate a very marked rise in the price of good agricultural land in Canada."

The Western Canada Land Company has issued a comparatively favourable report, and is paying a dividend of 5 per cent. (free of income tax) for 1910, against nil for the past two and a-half years. The land sales during the past year were 86,092.77 acres for 146,085 pounds, at an average price of 1pound 13s. 11d. ($8.22) per acre, leaving a balance of 350,841.43 acres at the original cost price of 1 pound 1s. 9 1-2d. ($5.26) per acre, of which 148,984 acres have been sold under contract to be taken up before April, 1914, as set out in last year's report. The company's 1 pound shares are quoted at 1 3-8. There is also an issue of 5 per cent. debenture stock quoted at 100 1-2 cum a full half-year's interest. It thus offers a clear 5 per cent. interest and may be recommended. Redemption is at 105 in 1934 or earlier.

The Price of Western Lands

No subject is discussed in the West with greater earnestness and ability than the price of land, whether it be high-priced main-street corner lots, new city sub-divisions, undeveloped townsites, or farm lands. The price of land is the hourly theme. Reciprocity isn't a decent rival. Even the weather and the crops rank in secondary though somewhat related positions. Every citizen is a buyer and seller of land—potentially at least.

Indeed, to every Canadian, whether he lives in the West or the East, the price of Western land is an interesting and important topic. The price of Western land is the barometer of Canada's expansion. Bank clearings, post-office receipts, and Customs house returns show the growth of the cities and towns; but the price of land indicates Canada's inheritance of the twentieth century.

There is no more striking feature in our recent development than the rise in the price of Western lands during the past ten years. From Winnipeg to Victoria, prices of town lots and farm lands have gone up, up, up, until the old timers and the newcomers alike are ecstatic. The total appreciation of land values in Western Canada in the first decade of the twentieth century can only be guessed at, but in all probability it will equal the amount of the national debt, added to the cost of the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental. It is so large as to stagger the imagination.

The writer called upon Mr. F. T. Griffin, the land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific, at Winnipeg, and asked him what he thought of the situation. Mr. Griffin is one of the most experienced men in the business of selling Western lands. He has been at it for almost thirty years. He has seen the C. P. R. lands rise from $2.50 an acre to an average of $15 an acre, and has seen the quantity for sale diminish from twenty-five million acres to seven and a half millions. Surely his opinion should be of value.

"Are the Western lands nearly all gone?" was my first simple question.

To answer Mr. Griffin produced the Department of Interior's map for 1909, and that for 1910, and asked me to compare them. He showed me that ten million acres had changed from white to colour last year, showing that they had passed into the hands of private owners. He pointed out that if the same progress was maintained in 1911 there would be scarcely any free land left in the prairie provinces south of a line drawn from Prince Albert to Edmonton. What will be left will be broken and timbered stretches, and a few small portions unfit for cultivation.

"And after that?" I asked.

"After that," said Mr. Griffin, "the incoming settler must go farther north or buy his land at a cash valuation. South of the boundary line good land is worth at least $60 an acre; here it is selling from $12 to $40. The rise in values must continue until prices are equalised."

Mr. Griffin put on his spectacles and again turned to the two maps. "Note," said he, "how few bad spots there are in this great stretch of country. The whole district is almost evenly good, if one may judge from the way the land has been taken up. It is marvellous."

"What has been the average increase in the price of farm lands in the past twelve months?" was the next question.

"I should judge it to be about twenty per cent. And there seems little reason to doubt that the increase in 1911 will be greater than that of 1910. The number of new settlers will be greater, and the supply is gradually diminishing."

"And what about townsites?"

"That depends," was the wary answer. "The growth of the agricultural population means the growth of cities and towns. That cannot be denied. Some towns will do better than others. We are putting a lot of townsites on the market along our new branch lines, and there is a good demand for the lots. We offer them first by auction, figuring that to be the fairest way. Town and city lots are a good investment if properly bought. There may be more chance of going wrong than in buying farm lands, but in some cases the profits will be greater. Our town lot sales for March amounted to $250,000. The future of the West is assured, and the careful investor will reap a rich reward."

And the interview closed, with the main point ringing clear: "twenty per cent. increase in value last year, and a prospective twenty per cent. this year." And I wondered why I shouldn't mortgage all that I owned and buy farm lands in this last Great West. And then I understood why the British Columbia government had raised the price of No. 1 lands in the Peace River from $5 to $10 an acre and No. 2 land from $2.50 to $5. Premier McBride must have been comparing the two maps which Mr. Griffin showed me and which indicates clearly that the Peace River district is about to have its innings.—Norman Patterson in Canadian Courier.

DESECRATING THE SABBATH

Bishop Neulsen, of Omaha, Neb., in the course of a recent address, spoke of intolerant people and said they made him think of young Parson Brownslow. Parson Brownslow one Sunday morning was passing a pond when two young skaters went through the ice. The parson, a good swimmer, plunged into the cold, black water promptly, and after a deal of diving and floundering and struggling he managed to rescue the two boys.

He laid their limp forms on the bank side by side and then he began to work their arms vigorously, so as to restore animation, when a deep, reproachful voice cried from the road:

"Parson!"

He looked up and beheld the frowning visage of Deacon Jones.

"Parson," said the deacon, "six days shalt thou labor!"

"You talked constantly through the opera," said one young woman.

"Yes," replied the other, "I disliked to do it, but it was the only way to keep father from going to sleep in full view of the audience."—Washington Star.

"Where are you going with that goat, my little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see some fun. This here goat has just et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."—Toledo Blade.

THE FUTURE OF CLIFFORD SIFTON

MacLean's Magazine has an article by H.W. Anderson, which deals in an interesting way with "The Party Bolter—Clifford Sifton," who recently left the Liberal Party on the Reciprocity issue—or, as he puts it, the party left him:

"No scenario has matched it—that tense, absorbing epilogue, staged in Canada's Parliament! The argumentative artillery of a master was in play. There was no rhetorical conjury, no drapery of language, no emotion. It was a series of swift-spoken, clear-cut sentences, each standing out in naked boldness. And, behind all, was the potent, compelling personality of the man.

"He stood in his accustomed place. The surroundings were all familiar. He reasoned with his old characteristic analytical tenacity. But things were askew. The men who were wont to cheer were silent; while the scoffers had stayed to praise.

"One can imagine the strange thoughts, passing with kaleidoscopic vividness across the man's mind as he delivered his message.

"The friends of a lifetime, the colleagues of twenty-three years of pregnant political experience, the men who had fought with him, and for him, in a myriad and more tight skirmishes—those little sudden-life-or-death affairs in the Public Accounts Committee—these now sat stoical, disappointed, unresponsive.

"To the left, his old chief, who had recognized his services with many an envied honor, moved a chair the better to see and hear, resting the distinguished head upon a tired hand. There was no light in the eyes which never left him; there was no fleeting smile about the lips which never parted.

"And, over yonder, in the ranks of the Philistines, where for two decades he had been reviled and denounced, were paeans of sympathetic and enthusiastic approval.

An Outstanding Trinity.

"Clifford Sifton, they say, was a unit in the outstanding trinity which dominated the new government of big men which took office following the general election of 1896. J. Israel Tarte, the "Master of the Administration," and Clifford Sifton, the "Napoleon of the West," were two dynamic personalities who loomed large in the public eye. With them was associated Wilfrid Laurier, the negligible, soft-spoken and altogether likable "Figurehead."

"But how often the sagacious public misses its guess. Sometimes one wonders whether Canada yet understands and appreciates the clear-visioned, quiet, masterful mind back of the dilettante; whether she yet realizes that it is more than the charm of personality, the winsome manner, and the grace of gesture, which makes this French-Canadian idolized by his followers and respected by his opponents; whether she yet notes the delicate persistence with which his fingers unerringly seek the pulse-beats of her people.

"So the public were once more wrong. Even Father Time deceived them. The two younger men, each strong enough and wilful enough, to go his own way, "bolted"—curiously on the same problem of traiff—and their senior has remained, still at the head of his party, still in the confidence of the country.

Man, or Party, the Maker?

"But perhaps the immediate future will help the political economist and the practical politician to solve a perennial enigma. Does the party make the man, or the man make the party? The Grim Reaper called the ardent "Master of the Administration" in the heyday. His part is history.

"But the forceful "Napoleon of the West" is a man of today. There are those who say he made the West; others who claim that the West made him—that he knew it, recognized its opportunities, and went to work to develop them. He has a larger order now.

Epilogue and Prologue Too

"Clifford Sifton will not fold his arms. He will not 'let well enough alone.' He is not that kind. Two years ago he declared himself out of party politics.

"He has come back. He is not communicative. Those who have associated with him dub him 'Sifton the Silent'—the Sphinx. But the hundreds who thronged the galleries of the House of Commons the other afternoon, who witnessed the personal and political drama in which he occupied the centre of the stage, know that the curtain has not fallen upon the last act. It was the epilogue of the story started in 1896; it was the prologue of—what?

"The Napoleon of the West has come to the East. He has steeped the radicalism of the practical prairies in the conservatism of the commercial metropolis. He is in the prime of life. He has remarkable attainments. He has health, he has money, he has ambition—and he has the Big Idea.

"What, then, of the Sifton of To-morrow?"

United, Yet Divided

When Mr. Sifton "bolted" from his party the gossips got busy and thought they saw an interesting situation. "Developments" in newspaperdom were hinted at.

Mr. Sifton owns the Manitoba Free Press, the most widely circulated paper in the West, and a mighty power to the Liberal party for many moons.

Would the Captain leave the Ship? Surely the Ship must go too? If not, then surely the ship must be turned over to the Enemy?

Both guesses were wrong. Mr. Sifton was proprietor but not manager or editor of the Free Press. Now, the Free Press is the Western Liberals' sponsor and father-confessor in one. To cut off the Westerner's right hand and pluck out his eye would be brutal politics, and far too small for the Big Man of the West.

Nothing could be simpler to Mr. Sifton. He would plow the new furrow and leave his staff at Winnipeg to plow the old, to the delight and everlasting gratitude of the great army of Free Press readers.

What more logical to the Big Man than to thus retain the good-will of his old friends and admirers?

It proved Mr. Sifton's Bigness and proved his Statesmanship.

ALL IN DUE COURSE

Catesby (Mr. Churchill): "My liege, the dukes, etcetra, have been taken."

Richard the Third (Mr. Asquith): "Off with their heads! So much for dukes, etcetra."

Catesby: "My liege, e'en now they prate of self-reform."

Richard the Third: "Off with their heads! we will reform 'em later."—Punch.

A SUGGESTED REFORM OF THE CALENDAR

We have had the advantages of the metric system pointed out to us for many years back. The Dominion government sent Prof. MacLennan of Toronto University through the West some years ago to arouse an interest in its adoption.

There is no question that it would be a tremendous advantage but Canada could hardly be expected to make a move in advance of Great Britain and the United States.

The former shows little disposition to do anything. The enormous labor that the change would involve in connection with trade and industry is, of course, rather appalling, but the eventual saving would soon repay all the immediate trouble and expense.

There are plenty of things that need reforming. One of these is the calendar and the government of the Old Land has actually taken this proposition up along with those of other countries.

The objects of the proposed changes are to regulate the quarters of the year, to adjust the days of the year, to adjust the days of the week and of the month, and to fix as a permanent date Easter Day and the Bank Holidays, feasts, financial visitations dependent upon it, so that nobody henceforth will have to use the abstruse and almost unintelligible tables of the Prayer-book.

These are the proposals of the Calendar Reformers:

The first day of the year will be a Bank Holiday called New Year's Day, but it is not to be a day of the week or of the month or quarter. This leaves for the rest of the year 364 days, which divide exactly into four equal quarters of 91 days each and into 52 weeks of seven days each.

Each quarter will contain exactly thirteen weeks, divided into two months of thirty days each and one of thirty-one days.

The ordinary quarter days will not be interfered with, and special provisions, as in the Calendar Act, 1750, will preserve days of payment, delivery of goods, expiration of leases, etc., and coming of age.

Starting in 1912, Easter Sunday and all the movable fasts, feasts, and dates dependent upon it will be fixed so as to fall in every year on the same day of the same month, as well as on the same day of the week. April 14 will then and always be Easter Sunday. Christmas Day, December 25, will always be on a Monday. Each day of the month will always fall on the same day of the week.

To provide for Leap Year, one other Bank Holiday, to be called Leap Year Day, in Leap Year will be inserted between June 31 and July 1. It will not be a day of the week, month or quarter.

The proposals have now been reduced to a bill now before the House of Commons, which has been introduced by Mr. Robert Pearce, M. P., of daylight-saving fame.

He was an observant little chap. "Pa," he said, "Uncle Joe is going to be married Friday, isn't he?"

"Yes, son. Uncle Joe has only three days more to wait."

The little boy sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat they ask for, don't they, pa?"

F. C. LOWES & Co.

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TO THE INVESTOR

OUR SUBDIVISION

EVANSTON

is showing its popularity **with buyers both inside and outside of the City.** Lots which were purchased from us in **March have been re-sold** at a considerable advance in price. Let us take you out to see this Property. It will only to take a few minutes to go out and look the property over and come back. EVANSTON is on Alberta Avenue, immediately north of the unsubdivided portion of the H. B. R. This is the closest in Residential Sub-division Property on the market to-day. **Prices range from $350 to $650.**

Here are four good Residential Lots for sale. We have others if these do not suit:

On Fourth street, just south of McKay, **$2,000.** Half cash, 6 and 12 months.

On 15th street, between Jasper and Victoria, **$2,600.** $1,000 cash, balance 6 and 12 months.

On 25th St., in Block 46, **$900 cash.**

On Park street, in Block 47, **$950 terms.**

We also have splendid Residences for sale in all parts of the city on easy terms of payment. Call and see our list.

F. C. LOWES & Co.

REAL ESTATE, - INSURANCE - MONEY TO LOAN

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637 FIRST STREET

66 Feet on First Street South of Boulevard $9,000, Terms.

120 Feet on Jasper Ave. East. $9,000, Good Terms.

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THE BEST IS NONE TO GOOD FOR YOU

The Best Buys Are

Two lots in H. B. R., Block 10, **$2200** for both.
Two houses on 16th Street. All new, all modern, **$4600** each. **$1,000.00 cash.**
Two farms in Stoney Plain District, Snaps.

DOMINION REALTY Co.

Room 4, 152 Jasper East Phone 4727

THE HINTS THAT FAILED

The enthusiastic literary gentleman at Always-on-the-go had consented to deliver a lecture in the village club on Burns. For weeks beforehand the hoardings and the boardings shouted announcements, and when the appointed night arrived the hall was full to overflowing.

He began with "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," and "The Jolly Beggars," and was proceeding with "John Anderson," when there came an interruption from the back of the hall.

"What is it, my man?" enquired the lecturer.

"Hi, when are you goin' to give us a few 'ints?" came the reply.

"Hints?" repeated the puzzled gentleman.

"Yus, 'ints!" growled out the man. I paid threepence ter come in, 'cos you was supposed to know all about burns, an' there yer stands, spoutin' poitry like a parrot while my missus, who's upset a saucepan of boiling water on 'er foot, is waitin' ter 'ear whether she'd best souse it wi' oil or shake the flour dredger over it."

"A man ought to come home in the evening smiling and with a good appetite."

"Yes," replied young Mrs. Torkins; "he ought to. But the home team can't win all the time."—Washington Star.

Mack—I understand that Van Dyke has been dropped by society.

Wyld—Yes, he made himself unpopular because he paid his debts instead of his social obligations.—Puck.

THE CITY STOCK EXCHANGE

688 Jasper Ave. East. Phone 4403

The best snap in the City, close to Jasper and car line on Clara Street, a lot for **$1000.00** Terms.
A bargain. Four lots on Wilson St., **$600.00** each, $150.00 cash, balance 1-2-3 years.
5-room house and lot on Short St., not modern. Price **$1700.00**, cash $800.00, balance $15.00 per month.
A good acre lot in Highland Park for **$625** cash.
A good buy in Fairview on Carey St., one block from car line, **$475**, $275 cash, balance 6 and 12 months.
½ acre on Fraser Flats, splendid garden, **$1000**, $300 cash.
Corner lot on Alberta Avenue for $600, $300 cash,
A good house on River St., 7 rooms for **$2900**, $600 cash.
Some splendid buys in Delton. See us for Bargains.
A good buy on Bellamy St., 2 lots with 2 shacks and one large log stable for 8 horses. **$3500**, 1-3 cash, balance 6 and 12. **List your property with us as we have the buyers if your price is right.**

PHONE 4403

for Bargains in all Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page four.)

Mrs. Wilfred Harrison who has been visiting her mother at Moscow, Idaho, returned home on Saturday last.

Mrs. Braithwaite entertained at a luncheon in Mrs. Oliver's honor on Tuesday. Covers were laid for ten and the table was beautifully decorated in white hyacinths and asparagus fern..

Mrs. Ponton's tea on Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Oliver was a most delightful one. Such a lot of women with lovely new gowns and the hostess looking charming in orchid mauve satin with overdress of figured silk voile, a broad band of oriental trimming on the skirt and the bodice trimmed with bands and lace. Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Ponton's mother, who has just arrived to spend the summer, wore a handsome black brocaded silk dress with rare old lace garnitures. Miss Armour had on a sweet white lingerie frock with big blue scarf over her shoulders. Mrs. Oliver wore a dainty grey silk voile over silk, black straw toque, with ostrich tips and aigrette trimming and an exquisite black chantilly lace scarf. Mrs. Cornwall and Miss Worsley presided over the tea and ices. A venetian glass vase filled with big red and white carnations adorned the centre of the table, the electrolier casting a soft glow, with its pretty red shades. Miss Holland, Miss Tilly and Miss Armour assisted.

Mrs. Clary entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday afternoon. Her cosy rooms were aglow with softly shaded lights in yellow. The polished table was a picture with its cut glass bowl of daffodils, four handsome cut glass candlesticks with little yellow shades at the corners and trailing vines of smilax.

Mrs. Clary received in a pretty paisley blue voile over silk, with rose pink pipings and beaded yoke and undersleeves. Miss Clary, who assisted in receiving, wore golden brown silk, piped with blue and lace yoke undersleeves. Mrs. D. S. McKenzie did the honors at the tea table and Miss Cook and Miss Clary assisted.

Mrs. Webster was a tea hostess on Wednesday afternoon in Mrs. Oliver's honor. A very large tea it was and such a jolly one if one can judge by the chatter and the length of time everybody stayed. Mrs. Webster received at the entrance to the drawing room, wearing a very handsome gown of black silk with heavy jet trimmings. Mrs. Oliver wore a black broadcloth suit, black straw toque and ermine stole.

A beautiful drawn-work cloth covered the table, in the centre a handsome round mirror and silver stand on which rested a big cut glass vase filled with pink carnations. Mrs. McQueen and Mrs. Hyndman (Sr.) poured tea and coffee and Mrs. Hislop served the ices. Those assisting were the Misses Forin, Misses Murphy and the daughters of the house.

Mrs. Dickins gave a ladies' and gentlemen's bridge of four tables on Thursday evening for her guest, Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Anderson left on Thursday night on a month's visit to the Coast.

The engagement is announced of Irene, second daughter of the late John A. Sharp of Summerside, P.E.I., to Mr. James A. McKinnon of Edmonton. The marriage will take place at Summerside the last week in June.

Mr. Robert W. Service, the Yukon poet, who has been visiting his mother near Mannville, is spending some days in Edmonton being a guest at the King Edward.

Rev. Dr. Dyde, lately of Queen's University, who is to be principal of the new Presbyterian College, that is to go up in the university campus, Strathcona, reached Edmonton at the end of last week and has been given a very hearty welcome.

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolmson, of Frank, Alta., have moved to Edmonton, their handsome new home on Seventh street now being ready for occupation. Dr. Malcolmson was one of the best known men in the south country and is a valuable addition to the ranks of the medical fraternity of the capital.

Inspector Bates of the R. N.W. M. P., Calgary, has been selected to succeed the late Inspector Fitzgerald, whose career came to so tragic an end recently on the trip from Dawson to Fort MacPherson, in command of the extreme northern posts.

Major W. A. Griesbach returned on Wednesday from an Old Country trip.

Premier and Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Dennis sail from Montreal on May 19th to be present at the Coronation.

The death of Mr. B. J. Lowes of the firm of F. C. Lowes & Co., which occurred at Calgary at the first of the week, as a result of an attack of pneumonia, cast a deep gloom over very many social and business circles in the province, where he was a familiar figure. He was a young man of most likeable qualities and had a future of the greatest promise before him. To his father, sister and brothers sincerest sympathy will go out.

Mrs. Adeodat Boileau will receive on the second Wednesday of the month at her home, 833 Fourth Street.

Mrs. Frank Smith was the hostess of a girls' tea Wednesday afternoon. It was such a very lovely day the hostess turned it into a verandah affair and such a good time the girls had. Miss Bessie Scott and Miss Phyllis Barnes presided at the tea table and Miss Aloysia McKenny cut the ices.

Mrs. David Bowman entertained in Mrs. Oliver's honor on Wednesday evening. Four tables of bridge were at play and the guests were Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Fox (Vancouver), Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Park, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Blain, Mrs. Clarence Mitchell, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Dickins.

Mrs. Bowman wore a beautiful gown of soft green satin, trimmed with heavy gold embroidery. Mrs. Rogers was the lucky prize winner, an exquisite cut glass vase being the prize.

TO SPOIL THE APPETITE

It was a thr-r-r-rilling melodrama. The villain, of course, was in love with the heroine, but the heroine, with the usual obstinacy of heroines, refused to have anything to do with him.

So the villain thirsted for r-r-r-r-revenge, and, being a scientific sort of villain, determined to make use of a gorilla which he kept in his house by way of a pet.

Skillfully he lured the heroine into his power. Skillfully he contrived to get her into a room alone with the gorilla who was very hungry and consequently savage.

The audience held their breath. The heroine let hers go in a piercing shreik as the gorilla with a deep growl advanced in a threatening attitude as though to make a one-course meal of her.

"What shall I do? Ah what shall I do?" shrieked the wretched girl.

But a gallant member of the audience came to the rescue with a brilliant inspiration.

"Chuck 'im a nut, miss!" he yelled excitedly.

OSCAR KNEW

A teacher in a Toronto school was about to tell the primary class the story of "The Miraculous Pitcher," and as a preliminary she asked: "Now, how many of you children have ever been in a very small town? Of course, Toronto is a very large city; but who has been in what we call a small country village?"

Numerous hands were raised. "Well, Oscar," said teacher, "what little town have you been in?"

"Hamilton!" answered the eager Oscar.

"Many noted politicians have never married."

"Yes. A man in politics is usually too busy to propose and a woman who reads the opposition papers would think twice about accepting him."

"Nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes," agreed the Simple Mug, "we can't suffer from insomnia and nightmare at the same time."—Philadelphia Record.

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CAPITAL HILL
Lot 15, Block 7, **$750**

INGLEWOOD
Block 34, lots 1 to 4, **$1650**
Block 18, lot 1, **$550**

GLENORA
Block 58, lot 18, **$1000**

WINDSOR PARK
Three large lots facing university grounds, close to river bank, **$1000 each.**

We have a quarter section close to Wabamun Lake, well improved, with good house, barn etc., for sale at $9 per acre for one week only.

FORT GEORGE & FRASER VALLEY LAND Company Limited

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Only a few good locations left from **$250** to **$800** a lot. If you want to get in before the boom.

Act Quickly

We have a few choice 5-acre tracts, only a mile and a quarter from this new city, on easy terms. Call, phone, or write for full particulars.

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About Your Summer Home

IT'S TIME to begin thinking about it—planning for it. You want to rest. You want to have a good time. You want to have a change of scene. A little home in the country where you can spend the week-ends and if necessary a few evenings through the week with your family. You can get all this—and more at

SEBA BEACH

A summer resort on the shores of Lake Wabamun, where you can come and bring your wife and babies, live close to nature in one of the loveliest spots in Alberta, get up an appetite, swim, row, sail, play base ball, tennis, basket ball, croquet, shoot and ride.
That's enough, isn't it?
But there's more—let's tell you.
Seba Beach is situated on the west shore of Lake Wabamun, a beautiful lake 15 miles long and 4 to 7 miles wide, about 40 miles west of Edmonton, having a shore frontage of one mile of good clean white sand and a Boulevard 66 feet wide extends the full length of the property.
Seba Beach has every convenience you could wish for—a general store and post office, a safe, clean, hard sand shore with no weeds, mud or holes, a new wharf extending out 250 feet, the G. T. P. Railway has a station close to this point providing a daily train service each way. Fresh meat, fish, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs and groceries can be obtained at the store at very reasonable prices, also tents and bedding can be obtained there.
All information about this beautiful spot will be cheerfully furnished if you call or write to

PALMER & McINTYRE

133 JASPER WEST

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

dollar? What are we doing in the West at present but trying to get as many American dollars as possible. Do we in the West spurn it when it comes along with the fine class of settlers that have been crossing the boundary line in recent years? Such talk is partizanship run absolutely mad.

The Vancouver Province throws some light on the negro immigration movement. It quotes a colored man, who passed through that city, as follows:

"The free lands of Canada were first brought to our attention by a travelling passenger agent of the Burlington Railway," declared this negro, "but what we are chiefly looking for is a land where we will be free in the fullest sense of the term. The 20,000 negroes of Oklahoma are tired of the Jim Crow practices of the whites of that state. It is Jim Crow here and Jim Crow there, and the situation has become intolerable to the negroes. Why, we are not even allowed to vote in Oklahoma and we have looked on Canada as a land where we could enjoy the fullest freedom."

He intimated that there was no organization or common action behind the movement of Oklahoma negroes to Canada other than that of the Burlington Railway. He declared that the negroes who had started for Canada had sacrificed their farms in Oklahoma for prices ranging from $12 to $20 per acre rather than remain there any longer and submit to the indignities which he insisted were being heaped upon members of his race by their white neighbors.

That these conditions are hard there is no doubt. But if the influx attains any very large proportions we shall have them all over again here and the prospect is not one that any of us would welcome. The problem is one that the people of the southern states must work out themselves. That it can be done most satisfactorily in the land, which has been the negroes' home for so many generations, there can be no question. Their best friends recognize that. The more scattered they become the less their condition is apt to improve.

We are frequently being reminded of the great variety of people that Alberta has attracted. Men and women of lowly station, with life all ahead of them, as well as those of social rank, who have tired of what the old lands had to offer them, are entering into the work of nation-building. The process that is going on is one that is well worth being a spectator of. At the Vancouver Horse Show the other day one of the exhibitors, Count de Roaldes, made the statement that there are more members of the French nobility in Alberta than in any other province or state on the continent. He declared that there were at least thirty titled French families in the province.

"We have a good climate in Southern Alberta," he added. "It is a climate we Frenchmen find to be most congenial. It is roughing it of course, for the first year or so, but after that we have all the comforts that we would have at home. Then we take in an occasional dollar. In France we always paid out our dollars, lived a life of ease and general dissatisfaction, raced our horses and always headed down hill. In Canada we live and breathe fresh air every day, work, make a little money and are satisfied."

This is fair testimony for the publicity commissioner to make use of.

The Scout-Master (with much severity): "You were found asleep at your post. In time of war such an offence is punishable by death. For the second time, I shall fine you twopence."—The Sketch.

NO MORE SUNDAY MAIL FOR PINCHER

Though most, if not all, of the post offices in the West have been closed to box holders on Sundays for some time past, through the courtesy of our local postmaster and his assistants, mail matter was to be obtained here for a brief period each Sunday by those who had boxes or drawers for the purpose. Last Sunday, however, there was nothing doing in this respect at the post office and the disappointment in consequence was general. It appears, from an intimation posted up on the glass door of the post office, that some person or persons have sent complaints to the post office inspector at Calgary of the circumstances at this place in connection with the Sunday distribution of mail matter for the benefit of box holders. Everyone knows that the distribution of post office matter other than handling outgoing or incoming mails is not compulsory on the part of either the local post master or his assistants since the recent attitude assumed by the department at Ottawa came into effect. Nevertheless there are many who while in accord with the agitation for a better observance of the Lord's Day, think that the promoters of that Act are becoming too arbitrary in the cause they espouse. Be this as it may, the Sunday mail distribution for box and drawer holders at the post office is now as much a closed deal for them as for those who receive their mail by wicket delivery. Several are curious to know who the complainants were, while one or two affirm they could trace the "busy body," as they term him to his own door-step.—Pincher Creek Echo.

BOGUS NOBILITY

Despite great pretensions, there are not many families which can go back more than a very few generations without coming to very lowly surroundings. This well known fact should certainly serve to bring home the artificiality of most distinctions among persons that do not rest on the solid worth of the individual. Some weeks ago the illustrated papers were full of the christening of the heir of Earl Fitzwilliam. This is what London Truth has to say of the incident:

"One is reminded forcibly of Thackeray's "Hogyn Mogyn of the Hundred Beeves, the ancestor of Sir Alfred de Mogyns (formerly Muggins), when one reads that at the christening of Lord Fitzwilliam's son one of the family relics displayed was a Norman scarf, which had been given by William the Conqueror to an ancestor of the family after the battle of Hastings! It is well known that the ancient Yorkshire family of Fitzwilliam of Sprotborough became extinct early in the reign of Henry VIII, when their estate passed (through heiresses) to the Copleys and the Saviles. The ancestor of Lord Fitzwilliam was Alderman Sir William Fitzwilliam, a wealthy London merchant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and when he wanted to find a pedigree the obliging Heralds managed, by some hocus-pocus, to connect him with the well-known Yorkshire family, but he really had no more to do with them than with the De Veres or the Howards."

A writer in the Edinburgh Review discusses the possibility that we would not have to go back very far to discover a relationship with almost anybody. He says:

"Excluding intermarriages, the number of our progenitors in the twenty-first generation back exceeds two millions. Now putting a generation at thirty years, we conclude that six hundred years ago the number of persons existing who have borne a part in the production of our own individual body exceeds two millions. But six hundred years ago, when the Black Death raged, the whole population of England probably did not exceed two millions. On the supposition, therefore, that there have been no intermarriages, and no admixture of foreign blood, we must each represent in our own body the germplasm and the characteristics of the entire population of England less than six centuries ago! If the numbers of the race remain stationary and other conditions are as before, our living progeny six hundred years hence are not to number less than two millions."

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